

# HISTORY OF CAPE PORPOISE



*Goat Island Light, Cape Porpoise, Maine*

MELVILLE C. FREEMAN

1955



Sincerely Yours.

Melville C. Freeman

## History of Cape Porpoise



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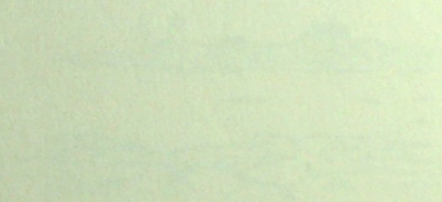


CAPE PORPOISE

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# History of Cape Porpoise

WILLIAM C. BRIDGES



First Edition



## Acknowledgements

The sponsors wish to thank the many kind friends who have helped to make this book a success by supplying material, information, and copyright permission. An earnest effort has been made to make this book accurate and interesting to all readers.

This publication is sponsored and directed by Mr. and Mrs. George E. Emmons, Miss Alma W. and Messrs. Fred A., Prentice and Russell Kittredge, Mr. and Mrs. Woodrow A. Landry, and Mrs. Helen Ward Nunan.

It is the intention of the sponsors that the profits of this edition will go toward worthy projects in connection with the Church on the Cape, and the Atlantic Firemen's Educational Association.

## Foreword

ONE evening a group of interested citizens got together and decided that *Right Now* a history of Cape Porpoise should be written while there was yet a chance to fill in between the gap of Bradbury's written *History of Kennebunkport* and now with the rich, unwritten data still to be found in the memory of the older natives of the Cape. And since the Fates had kindly brought to Cape Porpoise an able and generous author, our history almost immediately began to take on the permanency of a written record—not a dry, statistical record only, but one mellowed by poetry and spiced with anecdote.

This book owes much to many friends, but two deserve especial attention, for without Mrs. Helen Ward Nunan's lifetime collection of personal episodes and events, much of the local flavor of the life of Cape Porpoise would be missing; and without the scholarship and patient perseverance of Mr. Melville Freeman, the splendid historical narrative would still be buried in a few moldy, if much cherished, copies of Bradbury's *History of Kennebunkport*, in little known—equally moldy—records of the town dating back to about 1732, and in a few personal diaries. The lay friends of Cape Porpoise, as distinct from the historical scholar, surely owe a debt of gratitude to these two individuals whose youthful energy and mature wisdom have made this unique volume of scholarly, historical research and interesting, human anecdote possible.

We hope the treasury of scattered pictures here brought together will help to make this history an heirloom to be coveted permanently by all persons ever brought under the spell and charm of Cape Porpoise.

DRUSILLA B. LANDRY

*Cape Porpoise, Maine*  
April 23, 1955



## History of Cape Porpoise

A LITTLE village rests on one of those rocky ribs of the Maine coast which reach out to part the waters of the cold Atlantic. It is a place where Englishmen landed very long ago to build their rude cabins on the edge of an unbroken wilderness; where the Indian war-whoop echoed through the sheltering spruce and pines, and men, women, and children died and others fled, only to return and fix their abode and leave *their* children to continue what they had begun. A fishing hamlet where, in this later day, one may retreat from a chaotic world and rest his soul.

A road runs past several houses overlooking a long cove toward land's end and climbs a gentle hill. At its top the traveler pauses to catch the great fanlike sweep of landlocked harbors and encircling islands and the immeasurable sea. Like a chain of fortresses these islands raise their rocky ramparts against the charging hosts of Neptune, whose snowy-plumes rise high above the battlements only to be hurled back in defeat from the tranquil bay behind. Day after day the tide flows gently in, until these islands seem to float upon the sea, yet when as gently, it ebbs, their rocky bases are revealed, fixed on the ledgy shore.

Beside the narrow entrance to the larger harbor stands the little lighthouse, chalk-white against the ocean, or golden, when flaming sunsets touch sea and sky with magic colors holding one speechless with a vision of beauty. And then the moonlight shimmers through the narrow strait, its path unbroken from the shore at one's feet till it fades into the infinity of night and sea—on some nights silvery and cool, with wooded islands etched in black; and sometimes golden, as though some giant hand were sprinkling star dust over all.

It is a pleasant, quiet village, with well-kept homes and summer estates, and a neat white church with pointed steeple whose clock marks the flow of time and tolls the passing hours. There are two hotels which have long and successfully catered to summer guests, and at the harbor is the large fleet of lobster boats and the busy pier. These are the material things seen by the casual visitor, but for those interested, there is more to know.

The people are quiet and contented, but these village-dwellers do not take you, a stranger, quickly to their hearts, when you have come among them. They wait and look you through with steady eyes, which have wrinkles at the corners from looking at the sea. It may be years before you know them; it may be never unless you prove that you are genuine and true.

Great names mean little here. A king might pass and not a hat be lifted. Yet with bared heads they stand about the grave of one whom the sea has taken and given back to them; tearless, but with a depth of feeling which only men can know who have themselves faced fog and storm and bitter cold and must go forth tomorrow.

A silent people about their own affairs, nor inquisitive about those who come as strangers from the outside world. A place where the famous flier, Lindbergh, on his harrassed honeymoon could enter for supplies and not be questioned, nor have a word escape; where the man who aided him carried his note of thanks in his pocket for a week, nor even told his wife, so casual did it seem!

A lovely blend of ocean, islands, and of wooded shore; an ideal spot in which to live and labor; a place in which to while away the leisure hours of summer, or watch the departure of the swiftly passing years. It confers no honors but those of joy and peace; but at the beginning of this story we salute you, hamlet and harbor of Cape Porpoise on the rugged shores of Maine.

## The Islands

Since geography has always had a profound influence on human beings, shaping their characters and the activities of the places where they have lived, we are going to begin this chronicle with a geographical description.

This "Cape," as it is called, is not really a cape in the common meaning of the term; that is, a point of the mainland thrust out into the sea. It is actually a group of outward-reaching islands which have the effect of a cape on the contour of the coast. Had it been otherwise, the story would be very different.



The first man to give the place a name seems to have been Samuel de Champlain, who came exploring in 1604 to find a New World rendezvous for Frenchmen. He chose the most accurate title that could be given, indicating accurate observation. He called it *Port aux Isles*, or *Island Harbor*. But he was a Frenchman and his fellow countrymen never arrived; so the name was not used long enough to stick. Therefore an Englishman with a less observing eye, Capt. John Smith of Virginia fame, who already exhausted his supply of names on points farther south and was amused by the gambols of a school of porpoises, glanced toward the jutting point and called it *Cape Porkpiscis*. (The original name given to this playful, clumsy-looking beast of the sea was *porcus piscis*, two Latin words meaning *pig* and *fish*. Captain Smith, having small knowledge of the classics, got his languages mixed.) In the natural process of evolution in days when spelling was rather a matter of guess or fancy than of established usage, *Porkpiscis* eventually became *Porpus* and finally *Porpoise*; and, because Englishmen settled here permanently shortly afterward, this name remained. (The claim has recently been advanced that the name Cape Porpoise appeared on charts designating this point of land before Captain John's exploratory voyage; but the tradition of over three centuries is too good to discard.)

Now, from the hilltop from which they may all be seen, let's have a look at these islands which form "The Cape." Eastward lies long, treeless *Stage Island* where the earliest settlement seems to have been located. Parts of it were tillable then, and it was safe from surprise attack by hostile Indians. Its name undoubtedly came from the use of parts of its area for the "stages" on which fish were cured, a practice which probably long preceded settlement. Before the first settlers arrived European fishermen had been accustomed for a century or more to visit these shores, collect their cargoes from the great schools of cod, and return with profit at the end of the summer season. Having no means of refrigeration, they had to salt and dry their fish at once in order to keep them. The only evidence, however, that the earliest settlers actually built their cabins here is the mention of an old burial ground in a town grant of 1732 to Thomas Perkins, which

excluded it from his ownership. This particular area has long since disappeared under the eroding wash of the sea.

In a town meeting of 1724 the citizens voted "*That Stage Island with all other islands in Arundel (the new town name) Shall Lay Coman to perpetuity or Forever for use of the In Habitants of Sd. Town.*" This was a copy of the familiar English custom of assigning common land. The grant of eight years later, just mentioned, indicates that this vote of 1724 was either disregarded or rescinded. Probably the abundance of unoccupied territory made continuation of the English custom absurd.

At the southern end of Stage Island is a small section, separated from the main body at high tide, and known as *Fort Island*, because a stockade was built there at the close of the first era of the Cape's history. Here the last remnant of the population at that time was besieged by Indians and managed by the remarkable courage and luck of one of its number to escape by sea. Fort Island was also at one time the scene of considerable granite quarrying.

The little building which now stands on the island was built around the turn of the last century to house the large water tanks belonging to a corporation which was formed to extract gold from sea water. It was found that gold could indeed be obtained in this manner but at a cost of about five dollars for every dollar's worth of the precious metal. The building has since been added to and used as a summer camp.

Directly between our observation hill and Stage Island lies *Redding's Island*, named for John Redding who apparently owned it in 1684, although his claim was disputed by a William Sawyer. At any rate this ownership lapsed with the evacuation of the region in 1690; for it was allotted to Thomas Perkins, who owned Stone Haven Hill, in 1723. It has little value and is surrounded by mud flats at low tide. Redding's Island is now owned by a group of summer residents whose cottages face toward it.

Just outside of Redding's Island toward the sea, lies *Trott's Island*, largest of the group and said to contain twenty-six acres, part of which is forested with a growth of spruce and fir. It was named for a John Trott who possibly lived there in the early years of the town's history.



If he owned it, the title, like so many others of this first period of settlement, became extinct. It formed a part of the acreage allotted to James Mussey during the reorganization of the land claims after resettlement in the early 1700's. Mussey was the town clerk at the time; perhaps a little land might have been among the perquisites of office. No one since 1700 has lived on the island, although there was once an open field on the ocean side from which hay was cut each season.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago this island was a favorite spot for picnickers and nature lovers. Lovely woodland paths led across it in several directions. Near the cove on the western end was a spring of clear water, and on the eastern end between two high ledges still lies a narrow, steep shore of small rounded stones, the result of the age-long grinding of the waves and known as Pebbly Beach.

In late years styles in recreation have changed. The rowboat has somewhat ceased to attract pleasure seekers. Places which can be reached by automobiles have become more popular. So the old island paths became choked by undergrowth and infested by poison ivy. In November, 1950, a hurricane swept over this region, piling many of the firs and spruces in a bad tangle. But it is still a spot of great beauty for those whose backs are saved by the outboard motor and who still love an island outing by the sea. Trott's Island, together with Stage and Fort, is owned by Mrs. W. H. Marland.

Just beyond Trott's and forming the point of the Cape is the naturally named *Cape Island*, high-rimmed with tremendous ledges and treeless except for some recent planting on the landward side. It is too exposed to the sweep of wind and spray to grow a forest naturally. Cape Island was also among the acres collected by Mr. Mussey in the allotments of 1723, and has had several owners since; but no one has ever lived there or used it except for pasture, or for hay, when horses, cows, oxen, and sheep were common in the neighborhood. Many a load of hay was pulled by patient cattle across the flats when the tide was low.

It is difficult to land here at any time, and then only from the harbor side when the sea is calm. It can be reached from Trott's at low tide across the gut, whose rough waters and treacherous boulders separate them most of the time. On the ocean side and in the deep crevices of

the ledges there are interesting sea gardens to be visited when the tide is out. Henry David Walston of England is the present owner of Cape Island.

On four of these islands, Stage, Redding's, Trott's and Cape, are bogs of excellent wild cranberries. In the opinion of those who have picked them, they are easily the equal of the cultivated product and may have been introduced by the early settlers.

South of Trott's Island and almost united with it lies *Goat Island*, on the end of which the lighthouse stands. Past the southern tip of this island runs the main entrance to Cape Porpoise harbor. The origin of the name is obscure. It was granted to Gregory Jeffreys in 1648, together with *Folly* and *Green Islands* further south, which almost complete the enclosure of the harbor. He deeded them to Major Brian Pendleton, who in turn gave them to his son James. Later James moved to Connecticut and forgot them or did not consider the deeds worth recording.

A John Hammer acquired or assumed ownership early in the 1700's, since he deeded Goat Island to Thomas Perkins in 1758. Then Benjamin Jeffreys, a descendant of the first owner, assuming that he had a claim, sold his rights to Hugh McCulloch, whose heirs tried to establish ownership. However, when the United States government decided to build a lighthouse here in 1834, no record of any grant was to be found in the county files; so the states of Massachusetts and Maine gave title to the United States authorities for a price which the commonwealths divided between them. The ownership of Folly and Green, however, was uncontested and they remained in the possession of the McCulloch family to be disposed of to other owners. On each of these was a small cottage or camp in the days when island visits and picnics were popular. None exist today. Folly Island now is owned by Mr. Walter Perkins and Green Island by Elizabeth Milligan.

*Vaughn's Island*, beyond Green, completes the circuit of the harbor. This is the second largest of the group, just a few acres less than Trott's. It was once considered the most valuable of all because of its stand of hard wood and its salt hay. It is separated from the mainland by a narrow tidal estuary and a tiny harbor, called Turbat's Creek, a name applied to the whole neighboring region. Originally this was



called Long Island, and then Smyth, probably because a man by that name owned it, or thought he did. Somehow, a Richard Bell got it and sold it to the Brian Pendleton who already possessed Folly and Green. His son's failure to record the deeds left it in town control to be allotted to the same James Mussey who had already picked up the two islands previously mentioned. He thus acquired quite an island empire. At the time of this allotment its name was Palmer's Island, because a Richard Palmer seems to have been at one time Pendleton's agent. Its present name was acquired from a man who once lived there but was not the owner. In the 1890's a land boom hit the place. A drawbridge was built by a syndicate across the Creek to make the land easily accessible, and the syndicate advertised it as "mosquitoless" in spite of the wild cranberry bog on it. Also, the town had voted to exempt the island's inhabitants from taxes as long as they kept the drawbridge in repair. But apparently no one had had the foresight to make sure that a water supply was available. It developed that there was—

"Water, water, everywhere,  
Nor any drop to drink."

There was then no town water system and wells yielded only briny liquid. So the newly built houses were in a little while abandoned to storm, sea, air, and time, and the drawbridge fell into the Creek. No building is now standing, but during World War I a few folks were living on the island for a time, and just when the community was especially spy-conscious, they noticed night after night a flashing light out there. At length, in alarm, a committee was appointed to make an investigation. They found that an elderly woman rocking comfortably in front of her lamp during the evenings had given the effect of a flashing signal. Thus the community was calmed. Vaughn's Island is now the property of Mrs. Elsie Libby.

Inside the sheltering barrier of Trott's and Goat Islands two small areas stand above the tides. Sometimes they are called *Cow* and *Sheep*; but the older and official names are *Milk* and *Savin Bush Islands*. The first named was once larger than it is now. On it in the early quarter of the last century was a two-story house, a store, a wharf, and fish flakes, or curing stages. It belonged to Capt. John Per-

kins. In the summer of 1811 his father and mother, Thomas Perkins, Esq. and his wife, came from their farm on the Mills Road to spend the months of July and August on this island. On the second day of the latter month their tenth child and John's brother was born. It is an interesting coincidence that on the same day a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. John Carr Hutchins at Skipper Joe's Harbor. These two should have married later to add romance to fact, but they didn't.

The buildings on Milk Island stood on a ledge of fine granite for which there was a demand. Apparently in 1835 Captain Perkins decided to sell the island, for the following advertisement appeared in a newspaper, probably the *Kennebunk Gazette*, over the name of Miller & Hall as agents:

#### FOR SALE

Home, Store, Granite, etc.

The stand formerly owned by Capt. John Perkins at Cape Porpoise which is a good situation for a trader or person engaged in the fisheries, is now offered for sale on favorite terms.

There is about twelve (?) acres of land on which there are ledges of granite in great abundance. The granite has not been particularly examined in reference to quality, but is presumed to be equal to that on the other side of the harbor, which has recently been sold at a large price.

There is on the premises a convenient two-story dwelling, which has been lately repaired, also a barn, store, fish-house, and wharf, and flakes for making fish.

Any person desiring to enter into profitable speculation will please make immediate application for further particulars to

MILLER & HALL

Kennebunk, August 13, 1835.

As a result of this advertisement quarrymen became interested, and before the year was out the Captain had sold the property. The buildings came down, the granite was quarried, and the sand and gravel base was left for the tides to wash, until now the area is almost covered at high tide. It is hard to believe that an island such as described could have existed.

Savin Bush Island never served any purpose save as a marker for



the channel; and two other small bits of land, Nigger and Bass Islands, seem to be good for little except to vary the scenery, although there is a small summer camp on the latter; and the fish house of Capt. Merton Hutchins was originally on Nigger Island. It was later cut into sections, floated up the Cove, and reassembled on its present location opposite the entrance to Fisher's Lane.

Another bit of land which has no commercial value, and does not invite landing parties, rises above the water outside the ring of isles and toward the Kennebunk Port shore. It is called *Bumpkin's Island*. It does, however, mark the end of a dangerous reef and serves as a bird sanctuary for sandpipers, plover, and tern. Some years ago a man who was interested in bird banding to determine their habits and range of flight, found this a good spot on which to pursue his hobby. One tern which he banded was later picked up on the southwest coast of Africa. Miss Virginia Wellington now owns Bumpkin's Island.

Four coves or inlets extend inward from these island-girt shores. From north to south they are Skipper Joe's Cove, or Back Cove, flowing from Stage Harbor; Pinkham's Cove, flowing from Folly Harbor; Allison's Cove, behind the Langford House, and Turbat's Creek. Besides determining the occupation of many of the people, they have likewise determined where houses should be built and roads established.

## The Earliest Years

At the beginning of white settlement on this coast and for more than a century thereafter the whole township was known as Cape Porpus; that is, all the land between Little River just beyond Goose Rocks to the Mousam River, or even to Little River in Ogunquit; early boundaries were not very clear. And the inhabitants pronounced the name as it was spelled as the natives of the community still do. It was not until the year 1672 that the correct spelling (Porpoise) appears in any record.

Various names were given to the region in which Cape Porpoise was included, as various patent rights were granted or exchanged. The British investors who formed the Plymouth Company and re-

ceived charter rights to the whole New England coast were not engaging in a philanthropic enterprise; they were looking for profits. After the failure of the first venture at the mouth of the Kennebec River, they were ready to grant patent rights to anyone who would try again with some hope of success. Therefore they turned over to Sir Ferdinando Gorges and Capt. John Mason, both original shareholders in the company, the settlement rights to all the coast from the mouth of the Kennebec to the Piscataqua; Mason taking the territory west of the latter river, later New Hampshire, leaving to Gorges the rest.

Gorges gave to his land the name Laconia, and, being a bold and energetic man, he sent Sir Richard Vines over not only to look for a good location for a settlement, but to learn whether Maine winters were the real answer to the failure on the Kennebec. Sir Richard spent the winter of 1616-1617 at the mouth of the Saco and found that the cold was not too bad. Gorges then sent a group of settlers to locate at Agamenticus, in York, where they founded the town or "city" of Georgiana. Settlers also began to arrive here at Cape Porpoise shortly after 1620, if one may judge from references to "Cape Porpus" from other localities. For example, John Winthrop, who came to Boston in 1630, refers to the Cape in the early part of his journal as a place then well known.

To be sure, the earliest actually recorded settler within the present limits of this town was William Scadlock, who built his cabin at Goose Rocks in 1629; but he must have found neighbors already located nearby, since he was shortly afterward haled into court for allowing a caller to get drunk in his house. He was fined ten shillings; then the fine was remitted, probably because of mitigating circumstances. It appears also that he must have gleefully celebrated this event, since he was shortly afterward in the same court again for being drunk himself. The fact, however, that a court existed nearby, to which he could be summoned and brought, indicates that the area must have had white inhabitants for some years before the date of Scadlock's arrival.

The folk who came early to this section of the Maine coast were a



nameless lot on the whole, as far as fame and records go. They had no cause to serve. Religion did not concern them. Whatever religious attachment they may have had belonged to the Church of England. There was no drama in their arrival. They were probably as hardy a group as the Pilgrims who came at about the same time to Plymouth; but they were not united for any particular purpose; and they had no Brewsters, nor Winslows, nor Standishes among them, and no Bradford to write their history. Whatever records they may have kept were for the most part lost when the Indians over-ran the settlement in 1689-1690. But, although there is no actual account of the beginnings of white occupation in this area, because of a record at Saco as early as 1623, it is reasonable to suppose, considering the advantages of these harbors and islands, and the previous knowledge of them, that settlers were landing here as early as at the mouth of that nearby river.

They might well have been induced to make the voyage across the Atlantic purely in the hope that they could make a better living than they could expect in England. To understand their willingness to face primitive conditions and the dangers of this bleak frontier, one has only to realize the very low living standards of the English poor at that time, and recognize the great appeal in the prospect of really owning land in this New World. All the land in England was in the possession of landlords; all the land in Europe for that matter. Besides, the chief plan of British authorities for relieving the troublesome problem of the poor was to send them to America. Many of these people of their own accord later chose this method of escape from sordid conditions by selling themselves as indentured servants into temporary slavery to pay their passage across the ocean. There must, however, have been some excellent people among these obscure early comers; for one of them was an Edward Barton, the first ancestor in America of Clara Barton, the famous nurse of the Civil War and founder of the American Red Cross. Doubtless others among their descendants could be found who have made worthy records in American life.

(For any who may be interested a list of the names of early settlers may be found on pages 61 and 62 of Bradbury's *History of Kennebunk Port.*)

The number of willing settlers, however, must have been too small to satisfy the directors of the Plymouth Company, because in 1629 they granted to another group a patent to the land between Casco Bay and the Kennebunk River under the title of Lygonia; and a sixty ton vessel, the *Plough* brought over a few families. They either died, or went home, or were absorbed by the groups already here. At any rate they formed no community of their own. In the same year the company made another grant to Sir Richard Vines in the limited area which he knew from his former visit—a strip measuring four miles along the coast and eight miles inland. The inhabitants he brought added to the dwellers along the river, but they did not create a separate community. There is no evidence that Vines profited from the grant. It did not include Cape Porpus, which was included in a new grant to Gorges. He had been so active and had spent so much money to promote settlement here that in 1635, when the Plymouth Company had surrendered its old charter and taken a new one, Gorges was given the patent rights to all the territory between the Kennebec and the Piscataqua under the name of New Somersetshire. Then King Charles I in 1641, revoking the Plymouth Company charter, confirmed the grant to Gorges under the new name of the Province of Maine, partly in compliment to his queen who possessed a province bearing that name in France.

Meantime some of these newcomers, more interested in making a little fast money than in establishing themselves as husbandmen, traded with the Indians and cheated them so badly that, recognizing the fact, the red men were stirred to anger. Retaliating in the only way they knew, they killed some of the cheaters. The whites struck back; and so from the beginning there was initiated an unfriendly attitude between the two races. The invaders from Europe failed to realize that friendship is valuable, even with savage neighbors, and that it is won by honesty and kindness. There were a number of instances in this region, however, where favors done for individual Indians were rewarded by safety during Indian raids on the settlements.

We have a record of only one nearby murder in the early years. That was the killing of a man named Jenkins, who went inland on a



trading trip. An Indian killed him and made off with his goods. But that is such a common event nowadays, even among supposedly civilized folk, that this particular crime does not seem to indicate either racial hatred or warlike tendencies; just a familiar desire to get something for nothing and seek safety from retaliation by liquidating the original owner. In this instance the culprit was caught by his own people and the goods returned by a tribal chief.

Whether the danger was great or little, the population of Cape Porpus did not increase rapidly. Changes in the ownership of patent rights may have had some effect; also, the Great Rebellion in England in the 1640's practically stopped emigration during that period. Furthermore the Cape, lying between Saco and Wells, seemingly had less to offer the settler than either of those localities. For a long time there was no road through this particular region, the land was not very fertile, and it seemed the most isolated and least prosperous of the western Maine communities. Probably there were not more than two hundred persons here in 1689 when the first war broke out between England and France in their long rivalry for colonial empire in America, India, and the West Indies.

It was in 1651 that Massachusetts entered the picture, claiming jurisdiction over western Maine through the wording of its charter, which named the source of the Merrimac as the northern boundary limit. In 1653 she moved in to establish her authority and the following account, taken from Bradbury's *History of Kennebunk Port*, presents the details of the event:

The Inhabitants of Wells and Saco signed the submission on July 5th, as did also those of Cape Porpoise, which was the fifth incorporated town in Maine.

[Following is the report of the commissioners, in part:]

'At a court held in Wells, 5th July, 1653, the inhabitants of Cape Porpus were called and made their appearance according to their summons and acknowledged themselves subject to the government of Massachusetts as followeth,

We whose names are underwritten do acknowledge ourselves subject to the government of Massachusetts, as witness our hands.

Morgan Howell  
 Christopher Spurrell  
 Thomas Warner  
 Griffin Montague  
 John Baker  
 William Reynolds

Stephen Batson  
 Gregory Jeffries  
 Peter Turbat  
 John Cole  
 Simon Teoft  
 Ambrose Berry

To these abovementioned the commissioners granted that they should be freemen, and in open court gave them the freeman's oath. And further—Whereas the town of Cape Porpus, having acknowledged themselves subject to the Government of Massachusetts Bay in New England, as by their subscription may appear—We the commissioners of the general court of Massachusetts for the settling of government among them and the rest within the bounds of their charter, northerly, to the full and just extent of their line, have thought meet and do actually grant,

1. That Cape Porpus shall be a township by itself and always shall be a part of Yorkshire, and shall enjoy equal protection, acts and favors of justice, with the rest of the people inhabiting on the south side of the river Pisquataqua or any other within the limits of our jurisdiction, and enjoy the privileges of a town, as other of the jurisdiction have and do enjoy, with all other liberties and privileges granted to other inhabitants in our jurisdiction.
2. That every inhabitant shall have and enjoy all their just properties, titles and interests in the houses and lands which they do possess, whether by grant of the towns, possession, or of the former general court.
3. That all the present inhabitants of Cape Porpus shall be freemen of the country, and having taken the oath of freemen, shall have liberty to give their votes for the election of the governor, assistants and other general officers of the country.'

The following is a copy of the Freemen's Oath mentioned above:

#### MASSACHUSETTS BAY COLONY

##### *The Oath of a Free-Man*

I (A. B.) being by God's providence, an Inhabitant, and Freeman, within the Jurisdiction of this Commonwealth; do freely acknowledge my self to be subject to the Government thereof: And therefore do here swear by the great and dreadful Name of the Everliving God, that I will



be true and faithfull to the same, and will accordingly yield assistance & support thereunto, with my person and estate, as in equity I am bound; and will also truly endeavour to maintain and preserve all the liberties and priviledges thereof, submitting my self to the wholesome Lawes & Orders made and established by the same. And further, that I will not plot or practice any evill against it, or consent to any that shall so do; but will timely discover and reveal the same to lawfull Authority now here established, for the speedy preventing thereof. Moreover, I doe solemnly bind my self in the sight of God, that when I shal be called to give my voyce touching any such matter of this State, in which Freemen are to deal, I will give my vote and suffrage as I shall judge in mine own conscience may best conduce and tend to the publike weal of the body, without respect of persons, or favour of any man. So help me God in the Lord Jesus Christ.

(Cambridge: Printed by Stephen Daye. March, 1638, 9.)

[Sm. Broadside.]

The Puritans of Massachusetts, however, were not easy masters. "You will have to provide a road for foot and horse from house to house between Wells and Saco," they said. "You will have to provide for Sunday worship on every Lord's day by appointing a suitable meeting place and hiring a minister to pray and preach. You will have to erect stocks and a ducking stool to punish law-breakers or warn potential disturbers of the peace." So said the county court.

And the hardy citizens of Cape Porpus did none of these things. They were not only disinclined to obey any orders from outside authority; they were too few and too poor to take any effective action. So the roads remained unbuilt, the stocks unmade, and a place of worship unprovided. "Then go to Saco, weather permitting," said the baffled magistrates; and thither the people went, or some of them, to be greeted by the comment, "Shall we be ruled by the rogues who come out of the rocks of Cape Porpus?" But, of course, this reported remark may have more accurately described the unchristian spirit of the Saco folk than the character of the dwellers at the Cape.

Also to be settled under the new jurisdiction was a long standing dispute concerning the boundary between Cape Porpus and Wells. Various conflicting land grants had made the line of division uncertain. The Cape dwellers claimed the Mousam as their western bound-

ary, and at least one land grant confirmed their claim. A fair division of territory between the two towns also supported this position; but the Wells inhabitants said "No! The Kennebunk River is the rightful boundary."

At length, in 1660, the two towns chose commissioners to meet at the mouth of the Kennebunk River in the house of the ferryman, William Reynolds. By legal permit the man who provided a ferry was allowed to keep an inn in return for furnishing transportation across the stream when the tide rendered the "wading place" too deep for walking. This had become the chief stopping place for travelers between Portland or Saco and Portsmouth, New Hampshire, along the shore path, later the King's highway.

Now it happened that during this meeting a violent storm arose which detained the commissioners for a longer period than was expected. Meantime the expense for food and lodging was mounting and, perhaps, the consumption of ale and spirits. The Cape representatives, so the story went, became worried over the possibility that they might have to foot their bill out of their own pockets. Taking advantage of this situation, and maybe of slightly befuddled thinking, the men from Wells offered to assume the extra expense if the Cape men would agree on the Kennebunk as the dividing stream. With great relief, therefore, the alarmed commissioners from the Cape, with their eyes on the present rather than on the future, signed this offered agreement which has stood until the present day. Shortly afterwards surveyors, appointed on the petition of Saco, fixed the dividing line with that town at Little River, just beyond Goose Rocks, and the Cape Porpus limits were fixed beyond dispute. At the same time, to end a lot of petty disputes about marshland which were clogging the court, these areas were officially surveyed and allotted among the claimants. Considering the amount of room they had, it would seem that these early settlers rather enjoyed controversy. But then, real estate boundaries have always been rather touchy matters.

The next fifteen years marked a period of considerable confusion in government and in land grant claims, because of the downfall of the Puritan regime in England and the restoration of the Stuart dynasty. Charles II bitterly disliked the governors of Massachusetts, and they



were equally hostile to him. He once declared that they paid no more attention to his orders than to an old copy of the *London Gazette*. He probably told the truth.

Previous owners of land grants in Maine or their heirs, began to revive their claims, hoping the king would honor them. They were especially interested because the Maine towns had been prospering and their population was noticeably increasing. Religious persecution directed against the Quakers, the Baptists, and Puritan heretics who did not agree with those who commanded Massachusetts politics and religion, was driving many to Maine as well as to Rhode Island. The Maine settlers, having had from the first little concern over religious beliefs, welcomed the exiles from Massachusetts, or at least accepted them without question. How many of the Massachusetts emigrants came to the Cape we do not know. Financially it was probably the poorest community in the province; but it had gained a measure of prosperity through an export trade in fish and lumber. There were by 1670 at least four sawmills in the town, although their exact location is not known. Of course they must have been built on the two or three small streams running to the sea, since falling water was the only power by which they could be run. That is why the highway of Route 9, running between the Cape village and Goose Rocks, is still called the Mills Road. In some cases mill privileges were granted with the provision that the owners would also operate a gristmill.

This economic improvement was somewhat interrupted by the demands of King Phillip's War, the desperate fight with the Narragansett Indians, who undertook to drive the white men from the Massachusetts Bay colony in 1675. The Cape then furnished its quota of the 700 soldiers required or requested from the Province of Maine.

Immediately after the conclusion of this conflict the government of Massachusetts, fearing that King Charles would honor the original titles in Maine and set up an independent colony, bought all of them from the son of Ferdinando Gorges for 1,250 pounds, thus establishing its authority for nearly one hundred and fifty years until Maine became a state in 1820. But the Massachusetts General Court, to cover all legal angles in the situation, named a Board to govern their newly acquired territory with Thomas Danforth as president. There was

considerable opposition to this arrangement by the royalists and Church of England adherents; and the towns of the province had a General Assembly in York in which Cape Porpoise was represented by John Batson.

Now the territory of Maine had been originally settled by proprietors to whom the title of the land had belonged. To insure individual ownership and local property control against possible proprietary claims it was necessary that the town be officially deeded to the town organization. President Danforth had agreed to do this in 1681.

Three years later, in 1684, he fulfilled his promise. The right to quit rents, or taxes, was reserved. These amounted to twelve pence or three shillings, according to the rating of the county.

But for hostile circumstances, Maine would have been included among the original United States of America. Her shores were the earliest known to Englishmen, since their fishermen were using her harbors long before settlements were attempted. The first organized British community in the 17th century was set up on her coast. But, because she was so located as to be debatable ground in the long struggle between England and France for the possession of the continent, slowing the British occupation of her shores; and because the Great Puritan Rebellion in the homeland made it possible for Massachusetts to establish her claim to the territory, and later to purchase the rights of the former proprietors when the Stuarts were restored to power, Maine lost all opportunity to become a separate colony.

Cape Porpoise was one of the victims of this situation, the intense phase of which began in 1689. It is known that the value of property here in 1688, when Edmund Andros was the governor of New England, was the same as that of the Isles of Shoals, and therefore must have been rather low considering the comparative area, although the fact must be noted that the Isles were then an important port of call and a trading station. When his Excellency visited Maine in 1689, he was stopped at the Kennebunk River, because, even then, no road existed beyond that point over which he would risk his precious bones.

With the outbreak of war in Europe that same year trouble came swiftly to the fringe settlements of Maine. At the close of Governor



Andros' reign, when the Massachusetts rebels clapped him in jail, the soldiers who had been sent to this province for its protection and by his direction all deserted. This left the inhabitants of the Cape, the most sparsely settled district in this region, especially open to savage attack.

The French had won the allegiance of the Indian tribes of Maine and were using them to drive the English from the land they coveted. Many of the families, alarmed by the evident danger, fled southward to Wells or York, or beyond. Those who remained moved to a fortified section of Stage Island where they were besieged by their Indian foes. Their supplies of food and ammunition were small, and there seemed to be no escape from eventual capture or death.

They finally moved to the southern end of the island, now called Fort Island, the section which could be most easily defended because of the narrow approach. The Indians were always hesitant about exposing themselves to musket fire over open ground. The situation of the besieged settlers, however, was desperate. Bullets had been cut in two to increase their number. All but the last of the food had been consumed.

Then one of the besieged company, Nicholas Morey, lame because of a broken leg which had been badly set, volunteered to set out for Portsmouth in a leaky skiff, the only boat they had, to summon help. It seemed a hopeless venture, but it was the only chance for life. By sitting in the stern of the craft to keep the leaky end out of water, Morey paddled during the night the twenty miles to the New Hampshire town. Immediately a rescue crew boarded a sloop and with favorable wind and sea made the Cape on the following afternoon.

Imagine the joy of the little, exhausted company when they saw the sail across the water headed straight for their besieged island! As it came within gunshot one of the crew fired a swivel gun at the savages, who at once quit the siege and made for the mainland. The rescued party was taken on board and back to Portsmouth. This was in 1690; and for the next ten years Cape Porpoise was without white inhabitants.

(In Bradbury's *History of Kennebunk Port*, chapter IV, pages 61

and 62, we find a detailed list of individuals and families who lived in Cape Porpoise before 1690:

The following are the only names found on what remains of the old Cape Porpus records: John Barrett, Humphrey Scammon, John Batson, John Saunders, William Frost, Joseph Littlefield, Edmund Littlefield, John Miller, John Miller, Jr., William Thomas, William Barton, Richard Randall, Thomas Mussey, Isaac Cole, Samuel York, John Downing, John Davis, Immanuel Haynes, Jacob Wormwood, Nicholas Moorey, John Runnels, John Loring, Richard Blanchet, Simon Cundey, Emanuel Davis, John Purinton and John Purinton, Jr.

The following additional names of persons belonging to the town, are taken from the Massachusetts and Maine records, and from other sources. Ambrose Berry, John Baker, William Reynolds, William Reynolds, Jr., Stephen Batson, Peter Turbat, Peter Turbat, Jr., John Turbat, Nicholas Bartlett, Phanea Hall, Gilbert Endicott, William Roberds, Richard Hix, John Bush, Griffin Montague, Charles Potum, Richard Palmer, Richard Young, Edward Jones, Henry Hatherly, Arthur Wormstall, John Ellison, Samuel Oakman, James Carry, Andrew Alger, Jonas Clay, Morgan Howell, Stephen Batson, 2d, Edward Clark, Gregory Jeffery, Edward Barton, Ferdinando Huff, Jonathan Springer, Christopher Spurrill, Thomas Warner, John Cole, Simon Teoft, Simon Bussy, Jenkins, Thomas Perkins, Thomas Dorman, Thomas Boardman, Seth Fletcher, John Dyament, Thomas Merrill, John Sanders, Jr., Thomas Sanders, John Scadlock, Samuel Scadlock, John Jeffery, John Lux, Walter Penniwell, Robert Cook, --- Barrow, Samuel Johnson, John Rose, John Webber, Francis Beggar, Anthony Littlefield, Francis Littlefield, Sen., John Cirmihill, William Kindall, Thomas Mussell, John Trott, William Norman, Richard Ball, Henry Singleman, Roger Willine.)

## Resettlement

In 1699 or 1700 a few of the former settlers seem to have ventured back, for peace had been made between France and England in 1697 and the Indian danger seemed over. They must have found much of their land, once cleared with great toil, overgrown with bushes. Those who are living here today know how quickly that can happen. The author has seen an area which a few years ago was open pasture com-



pletely buried under sumac, cherry, birch, alder, wild blackberry, and other wild undergrowth. But no sooner had returning absentees begun to restore some of the fields than a second war began in 1702; and again the Cape, inhabited by only a few returning exiles, was open to Indian attack. Whether the Indians came, and whether any settlers were killed or carried away at this time we do not know. If any were lost the number was not large, because very few were here; and, knowing the danger and being on the alert, they probably would have escaped. All local records of the preceding period, except for a few pages, were lost, and for a time no new ones were kept; so no details of the first arrivals in the new settlement are available.

Of course, with records gone, land claims were in confusion. Among the newcomers were squatters who located their shacks wherever they pleased without regard to possible previous ownership or mutual safety. But by 1717 a sufficient number of responsible men had moved in to unite in a petition to the General Court of Massachusetts that Hon. John Wheelwright, son of the Rev. John Wheelwright, the first minister of Wells, be appointed to plan for the placement of houses for greater safety in case of Indian attack, and to secure such records as were available to establish land claims; or, if such records were not to be found, to provide for the proper distribution of landed property. Various persons who had originally owned land had not come back, and because of the lost records, some who did return could not prove ownership.

The General Court granted the petition and Wheelwright accepted the appointment. After a careful survey of the region, he decided that a garrison, or fort, fifty feet square be built at Montague's Point, now marked by the Pier Road; that as many as possible dwell within its walls; that other dwellings be erected just outside with a garden allotted to each; and that not less than five families dwell on the Neck at all times. This arrangement seems somewhat unusual for the American scene, until one realizes that it was a bit of Europe transferred to these shores—a little village from which the inhabitants went out each day to cultivate the land which lay around them. And, of course, in this locality it served as a means of safety as well, the Indians being still potentially dangerous. He also recommended that where original

land claims could be proved by either private records or the personal witness of others, they should stand. Otherwise the land should be allotted by the town officials, and grants be made to newcomers by the same authority. Thereafter, following the acceptance of the Wheelwright report by the General Court, grants of fifty acres were offered as an inducement to new settlers, with the proviso that the grantees should live on and cultivate the land for ten years to secure permanent title, unless driven off by savage enemies.

Characteristically, these new Maine pioneers apparently never did build a garrison on Montague's Point, although individuals soon settled there with the possible intention of so doing; and several private garrisons were subsequently erected in the region. The advice on land settlements was more nearly followed.

When the Wheelwright report was accepted by the General Court on June 5, 1719, it was also voted that the settlement at Cape Porpoise be called *Arundel*, in compliment to the then Earl of Arundel, descendant of Thomas, Earl of Arundel one of the original members of the Plymouth Company and a proprietor of New England. (The name is locally pronounced with the accent on the second syllable; in England the name is accented on the first syllable.) It is recorded, that the Earl, in acknowledgement of the compliment or honor conferred on the family, offered the community the gift of a bell; but no action was ever taken to secure the gift, perhaps because there was no place in which to hang it.

On various occasions after population began to flow back into the district informal meetings of the citizens were called, as evidenced by the request of 1717; but no records were kept. The first legal town meeting was held "At Arondell Els. Cape Porpus on the 31 day of march 1719, being warned by a warrant from John Wheelwright, Esq. one of Maj. Justus of the peac to meet and make choyce of town officers." \* Jabez Dorman was chosen moderator; James Mussey, town clerk; Andrew Brown, Joseph Bailey, and Humphrey Deering, selectmen; James Tyler and Allison Brown, haywards or field drivers; Thomas Huff, Constable; John Watson, tithingman; and Samuel Carr, surveyor of the highway.

\* Bradbury's *History of Kennebunk Port*, p. 109.



Another meeting, the first to be called by a posted warrant, was held the following November at the house of James Tyler to legalize the allotments of land, since those previously made or the plans decided upon would not satisfy the requirements of law. A second road was also authorized from the Cape to the Kennebunk Falls (the first having been the highway now known as the Pier Road), which probably ran from the old ice pond on the Mills Road across country toward the Arundel Golf Club of the present day. The plan for fifty acre grants to new settlers was also legalized, which induced a migration toward this area. This was, however, checked for a time by the renewal of Indian hostilities.

The inducements provided by the new town organization, which included the restoration of property rights and the offer of free lands, resulted in an influx of population and an uplift in the spirit and prosperity of the town. The number of settlers was soon greater than during the earlier period of its existence. Everything pointed to a flourishing future. A committee was appointed to select a site for a meetinghouse and engage the services of a clergyman. They invited Rev. John Eveleth to be their preacher and pastor for the sum of 26 pounds a year. The following year the town raised this modest stipend to 50 pounds, plus fifty acres of land and a dwelling in which also the religious services would be held until a meetinghouse could be built. Action was also taken to provide for a school; and the ferry across the Kennebunk River was re-established by granting Stephen Harding of Wells fifty acres of land upon his agreement to maintain ferry passage at all times except when the crossing appeared too dangerous.

The seemingly very low salary paid to and accepted by the minister is explainable by these facts: The townspeople had little currency; the purchasing power of money was high, except when Massachusetts indulged in the dangerous practice of issuing unredeemable script; and further, a clergyman was expected partly to support himself by farming or some other form of manual employment. Mr. Eveleth, this first minister of the new Arundel, was a very versatile person. When he retired as a minister in 1729, he was known as a good farmer and blacksmith and the best fisherman in town.

The boom which followed the reorganization of 1719 was, however, short-lived; for during the four years from 1723 to 1726 hostile Indians made living in this southwestern corner of Maine dangerous and frightening. One never knew when he might be suddenly attacked and struck down by a lurking savage.\*

### Indian Troubles

During the years, 1723-1726, a considerable number of people were killed or captured. Real raids on the town began in August, 1723, but even in 1721 fear of attack caused a considerable number of the settlers to move away. Although the Governor issued a proclamation ordering everyone to stay put, he could not check the exodus. For many the nervous tension was too great to endure. The first reported death from Indian attack occurred in the August raid mentioned above. In October of the same year two men from Huff's Garrison (located where the Langsford House now stands), while gathering wood on Vaughn's Island, were surprised by three Indians and all wounded and captured. When, even under the torture of having their finger nails torn off they refused to give any information about the number in the garrison, they were killed and their bodies were thrown into a ditch where they were later found.

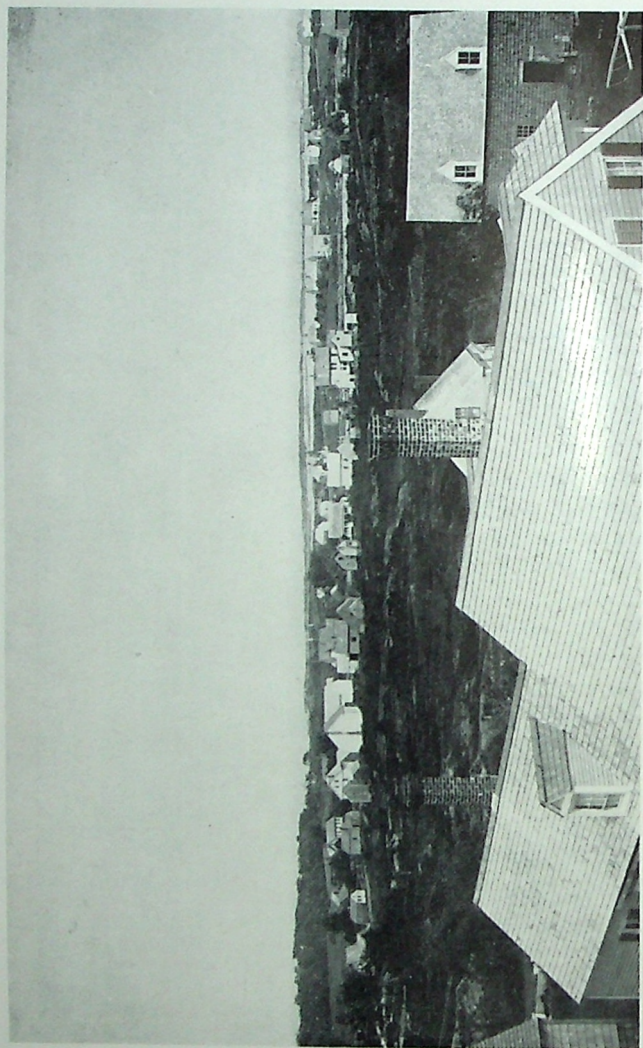
Leaving Huff's Garrison, which may have seemed too well defended, or at least too evidently warned of danger, a few of the raiders moved toward Major's Garrison. The location of this is uncertain. It may have been the present "Garrison House" now owned by Mrs. Ida M. Leach and located at the head of Pinkham's Cove. It is said that this house was built in 1722, although some facts, which will be mentioned later, seem to disprove this claim. At any rate the Indians caught an old man who lived in this garrison some distance from its

\* List of Town Clerks of early days taken from Bradbury's: James Mussey, 1719; Ensign Thomas Perkins, 1720 to 1722; James March, 1723 and 1724; Thomas Perkins, Jr., 1725; Thomas Perkins, from 1726 to 1729; Thomas Perkins, Jr., 1730; Capt. Thomas Perkins, from 1731 to 1749; Benjamin Downing, from 1750 to 1752; Thomas Perkins, Esq., 1753 and 1754; Thomas Perkins, Jr., from 1755 to 1767; Benjamin Downing, from 1768 to 1792; William Smith, from 1793 to 1815.





Cape Porpoise from Crow Hill with Edmund Ridlon House at right, about 1900

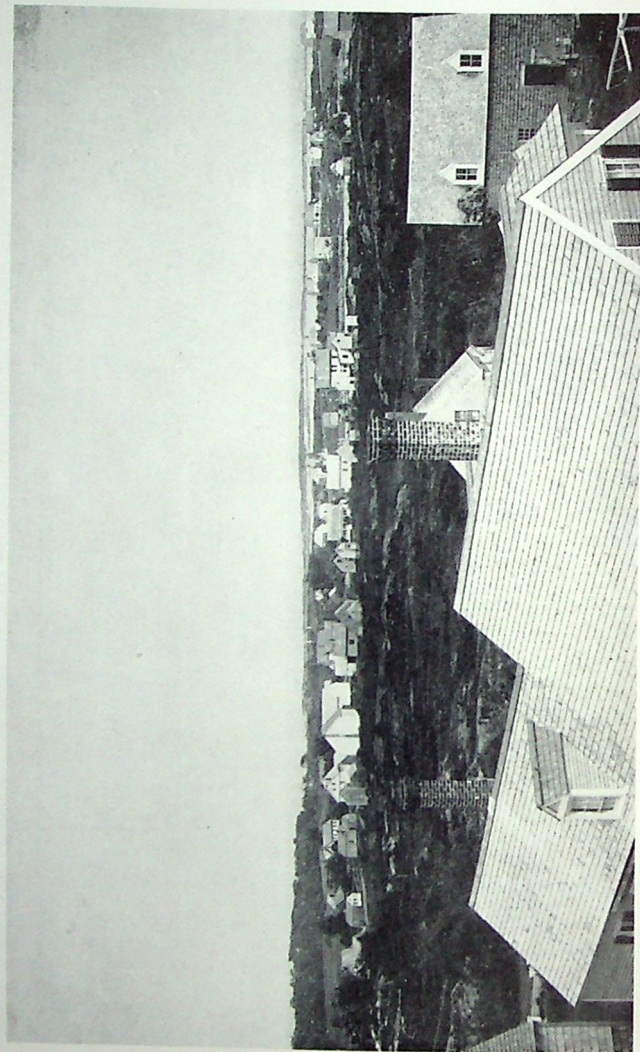


Village from Crow Hill before 1900



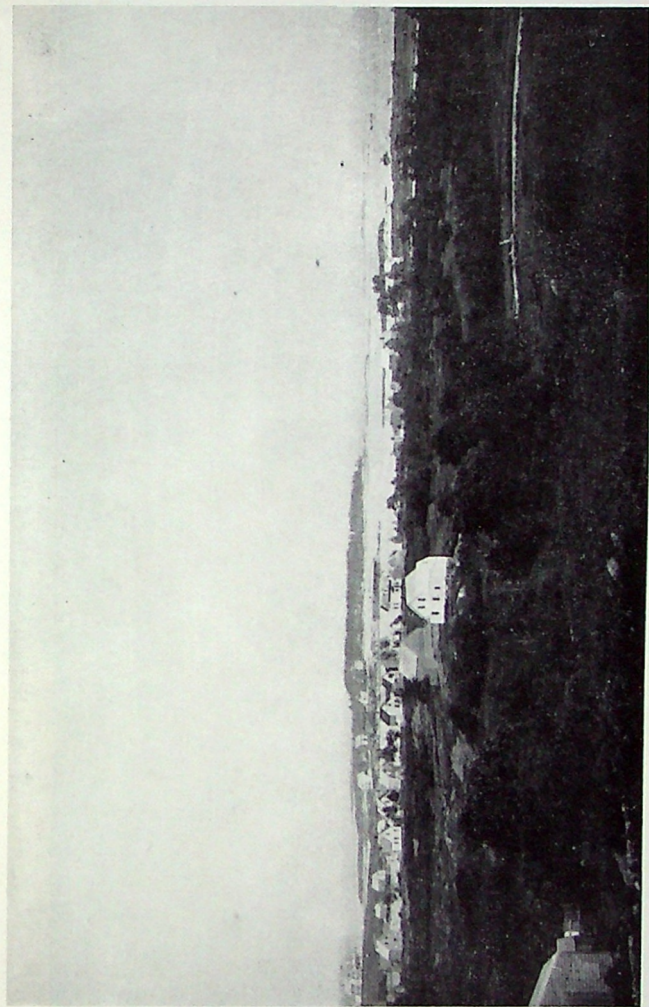


Harbor View from Crow Hill before 1900

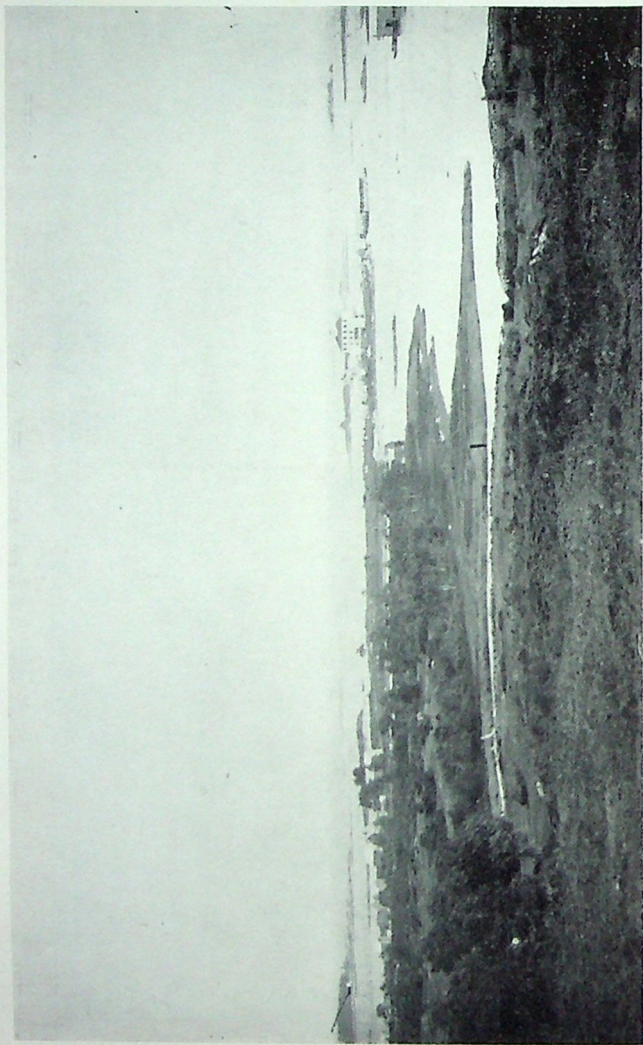


Village from Crow Hill before 1900





Harbor View from Crow Hill before 1900

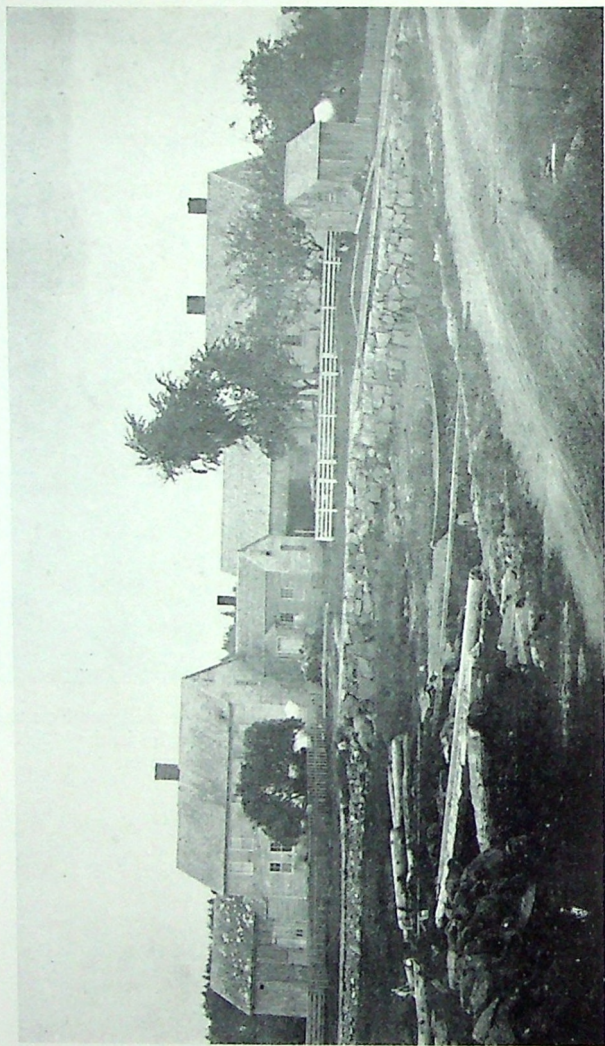


Allison or Nunan Cove, now called Paddy Creek, before 1900



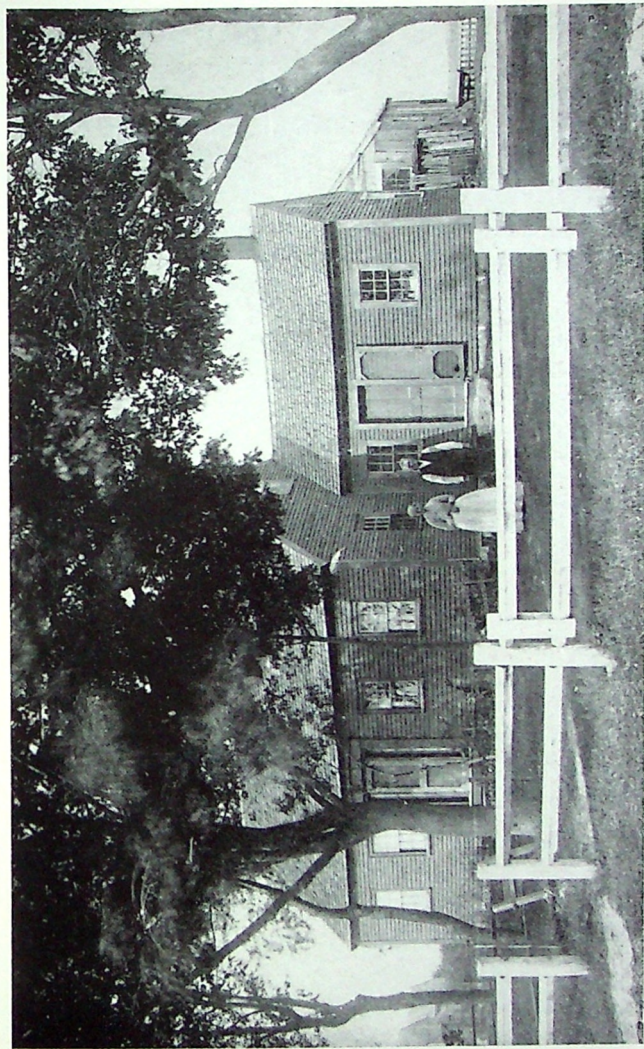


The old Perkins House on Sunrise Hill above the mill pond on the Mills Road, built about 1750 and destroyed by fire in the '40's.  
Building at right was at one time a store.

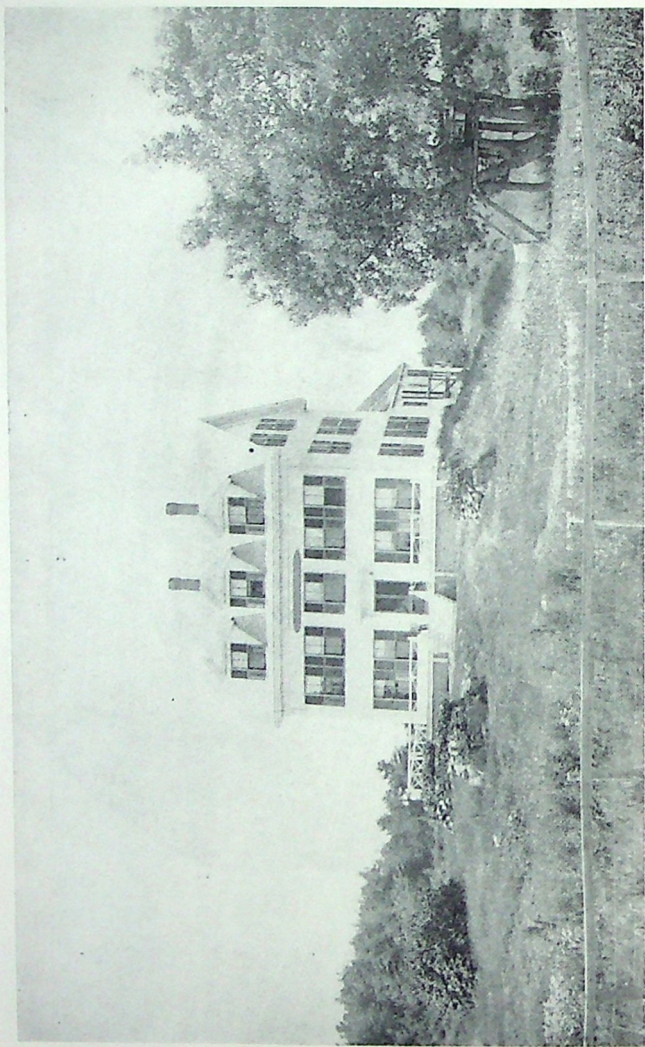


Street scene at head of cove before 1900



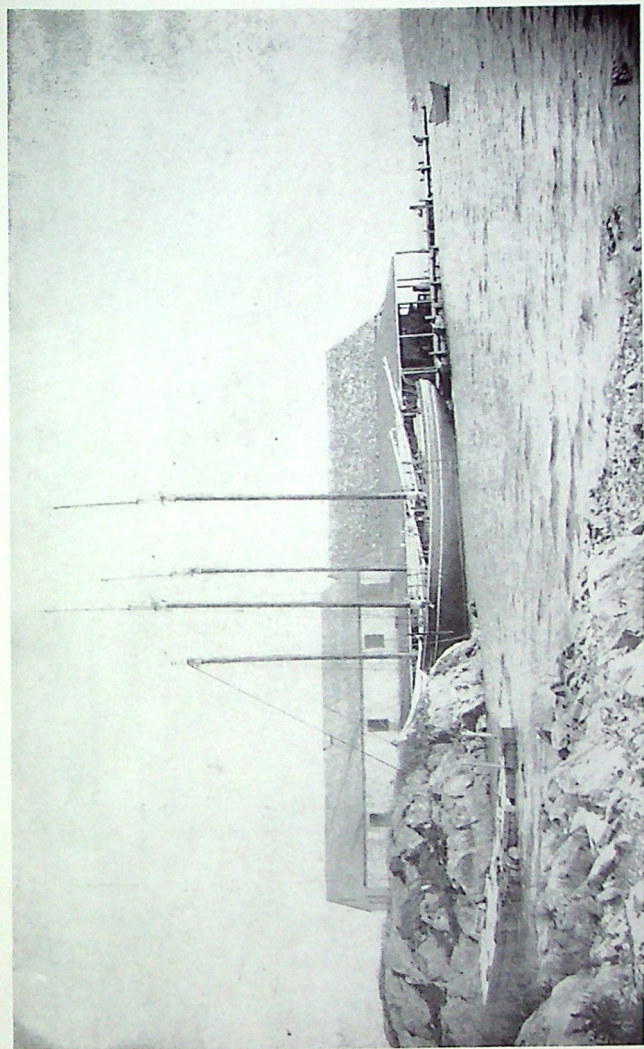


Home of Uncle Stephen Hutchins taken about 1900

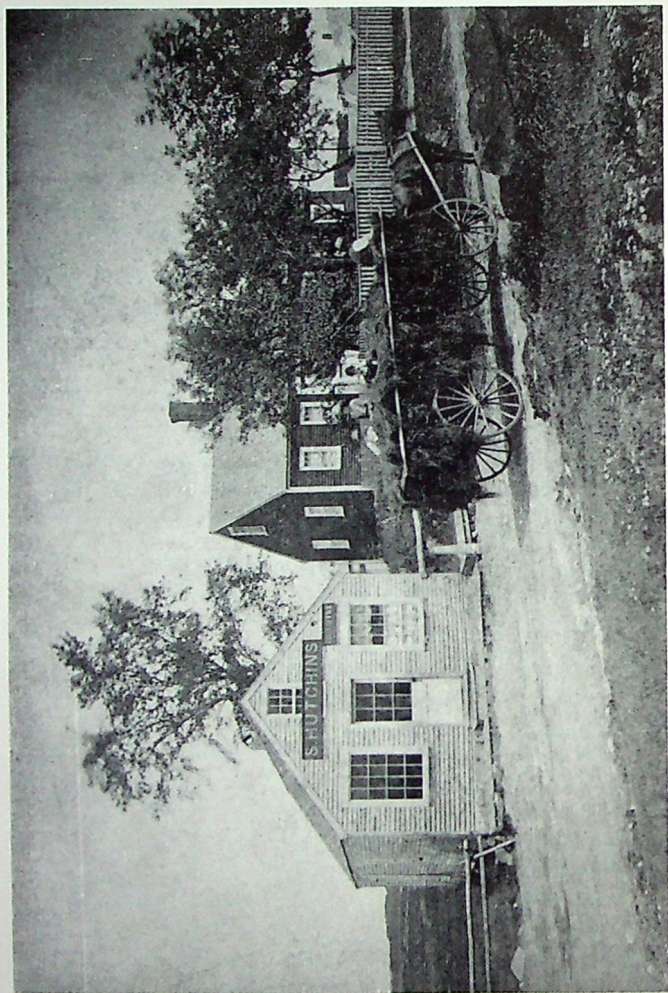


The Prospect House before the addition



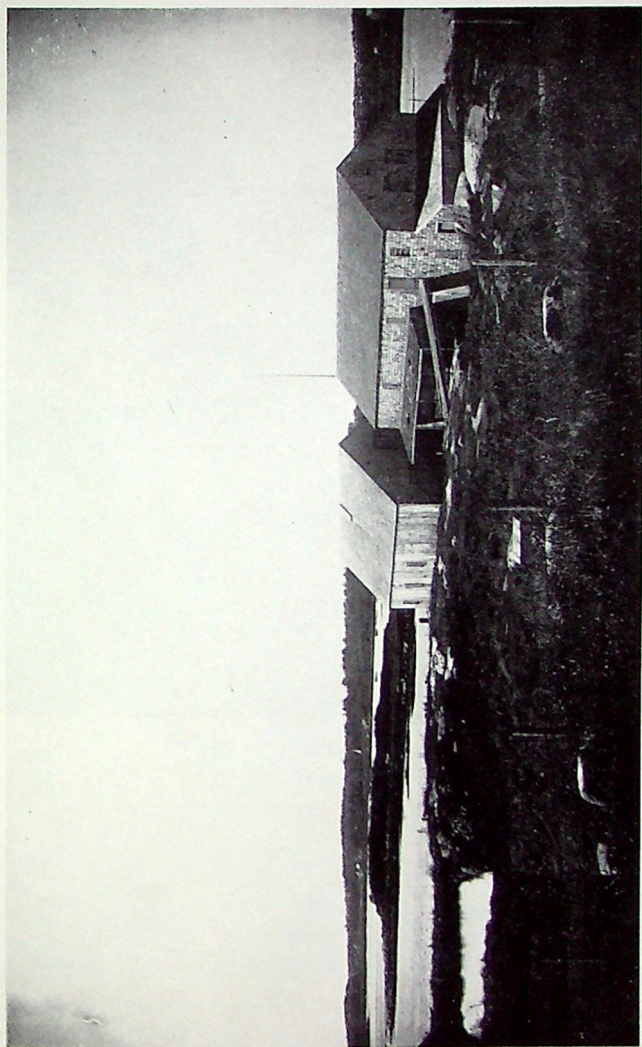


Pinkham's Wharf with the *Clara* and *Mabel* alongside shortly before 1900



Stephen Hutchins' store and Post Office about 1900





Seth H. Pinkham buildings on present pier site, before 1900

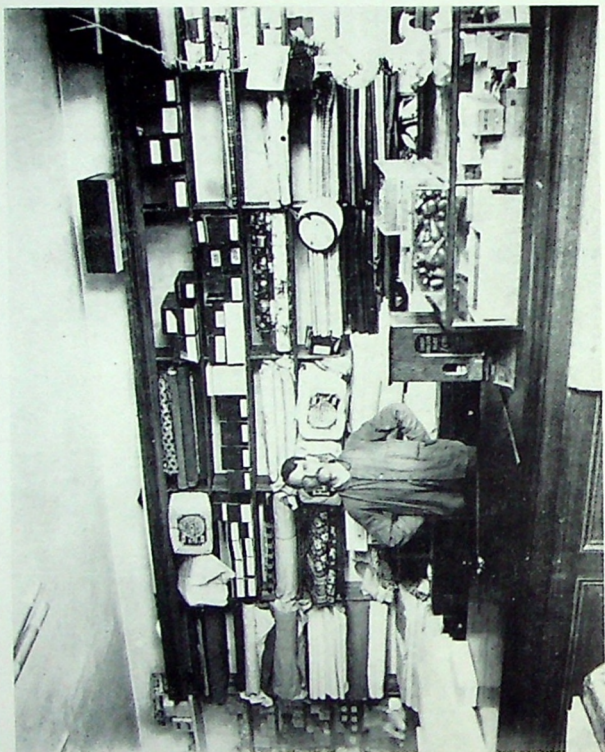


Bell and Fletcher livery stable





The original Pinkham store at the head of the cove



Interior of Pinkham store about 1900, Herbert Huff, clerk





W. H. Pinkham, prominent citizen



John Fletcher in typical fishing boat of the early 1900's



George Averill and "The Old Garrison House," taken about 1900





The Nunan store about 1900



Early school class around 1900





The Seavey triplets, Kittie, Minnie and Carrie



M. E. Church about 1950





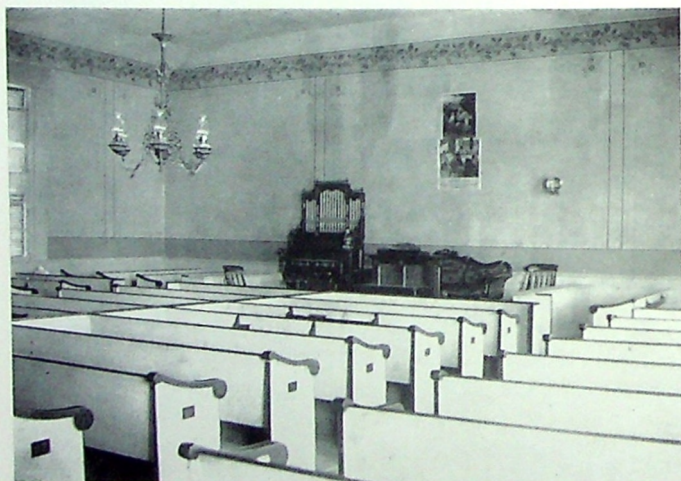
Captain Richard J. Nunan



Dana Cluff in his later years in front of his store



The original Methodist Church, built in 1857



The Church interior with the "new" organ about 1885





Snow in the good old days

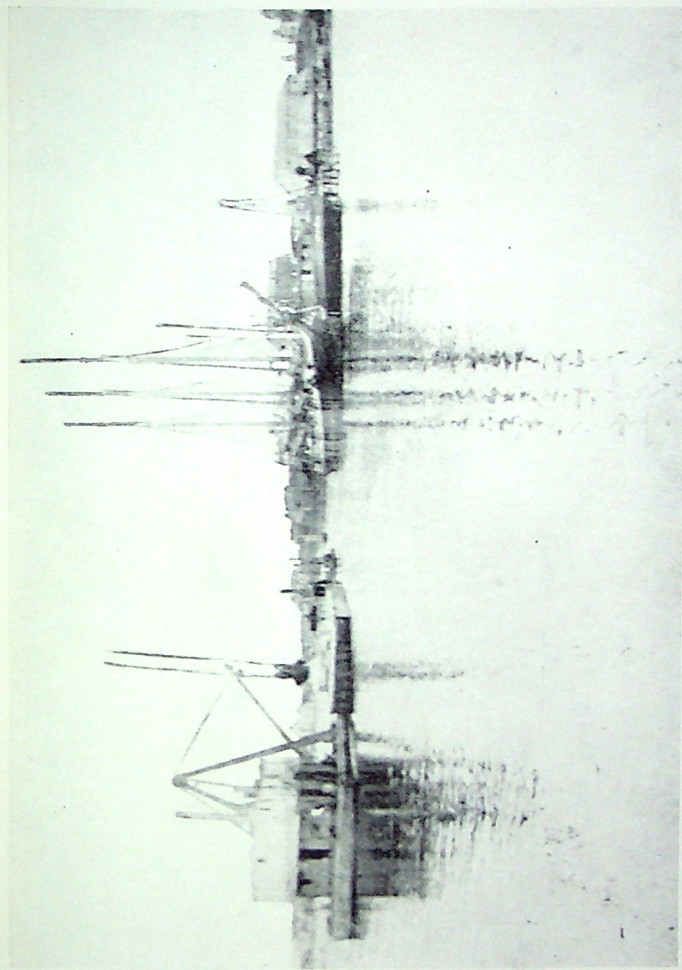


Cape Porpoise Casino, about 1900

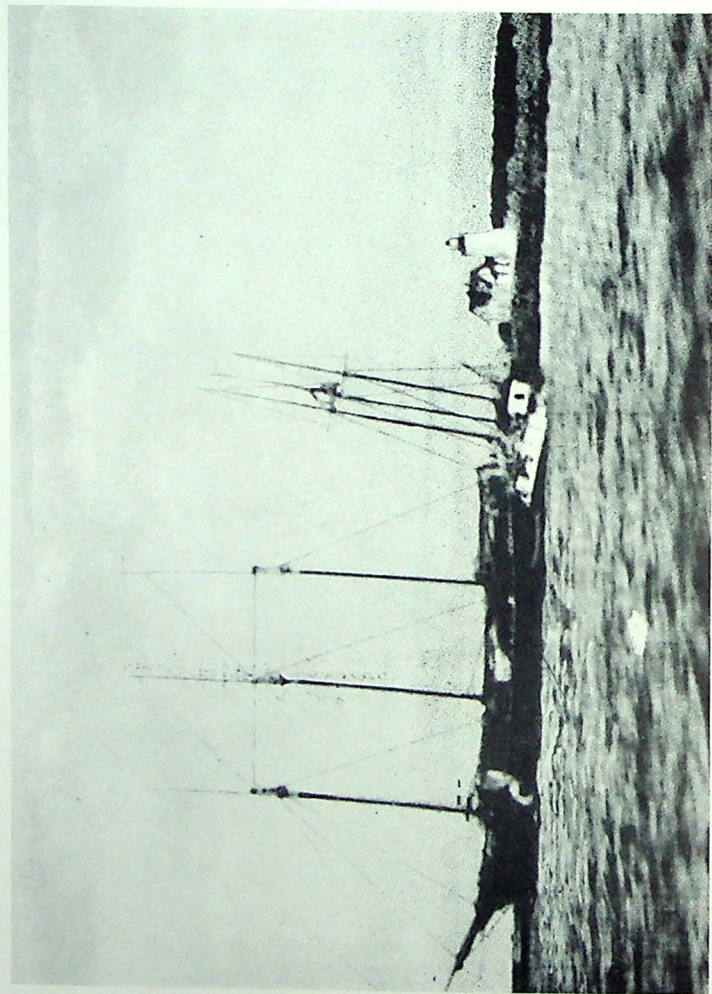


Payson Huff and his "Oil Works" around 1900



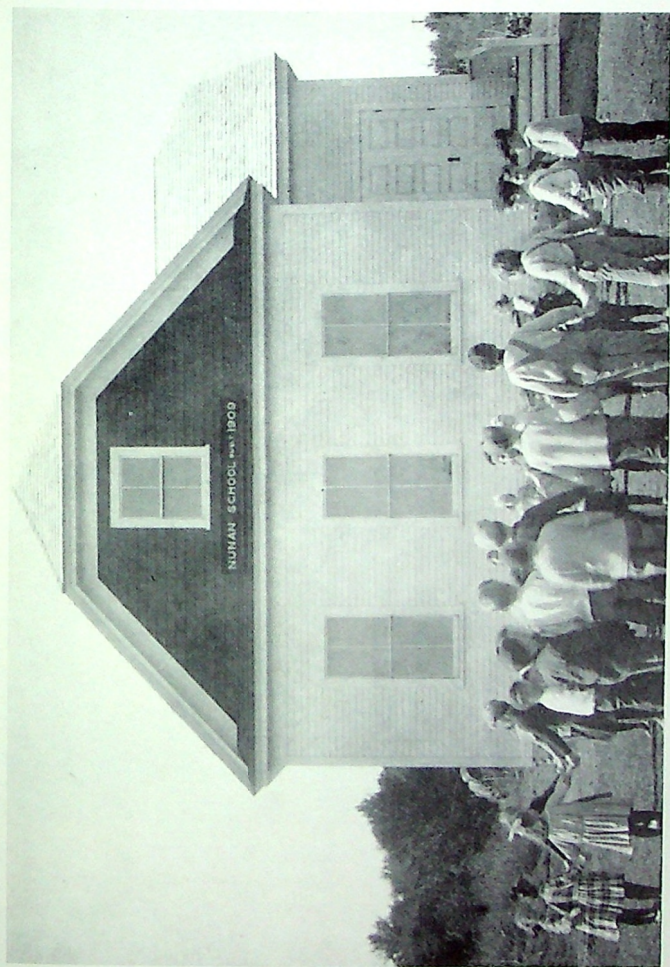


First dredging of harbor, about 1900

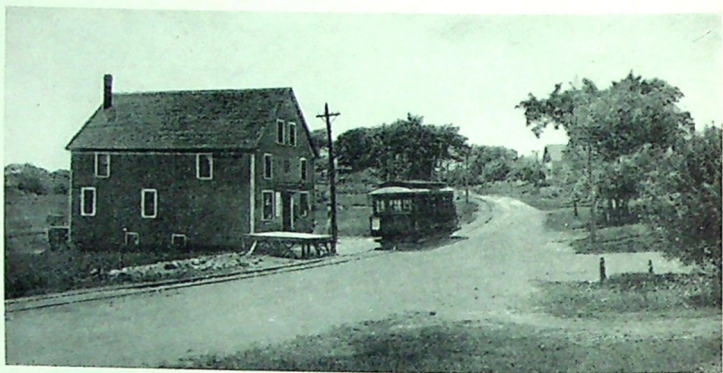


Double wreck, Goat Island, early 1900's





Nunan School shortly after being built



Street scene about 1901



Schoolhouse on old church site, 1872-1925



shelter looking for a stray cow. Members of the household saw the savages and shouted a warning, but the man was deaf and did not hear. In sight of the horrified witnesses he was struck down and scalped. The women at once dressed in men's clothes so that the Indians, getting glimpses of them, thought the place too strong to be attacked and passed on to join the rest of the band of about twenty in an attack on the Harding Garrison. This was located on the east side of the Kennebunk River across the creek from the present River Club.

The owner of this garrison had just put out in a boat to visit a vessel anchored in midstream, when he heard the reports of muskets from the direction of the Cape. He at once hurried back and was just in time to close the heavy door, man the portholes, and so save the inmates. The Indian leader was said to have been very angry with the Cape raiders whose careless shots had warned the Harding Garrison, which he was especially anxious to capture. The death of the old man from the Major Garrison probably saved many more from a similar fate.

After this failure the enemy left for the winter, but returned in March of the following year. They killed the captain of a vessel loaded with lumber and about to sail for Lynn, Massachusetts, and two men from Harding's Garrison who were trying to help him recover spars which were floating in Gooch's Creek. The captain was shot while on the raft he was using, and the others while they were running for safety. During this year and the next, several other persons lost their lives, including two women. A sergeant of the fort on Stage Island was killed and three boys were murdered on Trott's Island. One of the boys had been sent from Stage by his father to find and drive home a cow, or cows. When he did not return, the father sent a second son to find him. He also failed to come back within a reasonable time. Since no Indians had recently been seen, the parent evidently had no suspicion of what had happened. He sent a third. Three mutilated bodies later revealed their fate.

A man poling a raft down the river was fired upon but not hit. He pushed the raft ashore, plunged into the woods, and managed to hide under a log so skillfully that the savages passed over him and onward, so that he at length came out of his hiding-place, got on his raft, and

continued his way down stream. Another was not so fortunate. Surprised by a band of raiders, he dove into the river and tried to swim for the other shore, but was shot through the head in the attempt.

Two girls showed their pioneer courage and quick thinking to save their lives and probably the lives of others. One was milking a cow when three red men sneaked up on her. Indians were said to be very fond of milk and one tried to grab the pail. Dodging her assailant, she swung the pail against the side of his head, completely knocking him out. While his companions were picking him up she escaped. The other girl, the daughter of John Watson, noted for his physical strength, was in their cabin when her father ran in to escape pursuing savages and shut the door. The Indians, however, managed to push the door partly open. While her father fought to close it, the girl grabbed an ax which she apparently knew how to handle, and, swinging it through the opening sliced a dusky leg, thus quickly ending the attack.

There were several other instances in which attacks resulted in the death of white inhabitants; but in 1724 the settlers retaliated by wiping out the Indian village of Norridgewock and killing the French priest who was believed to be inciting the savages to make these murderous raids. In the following season came the Lovewell expedition, in which Massachusetts soldiers joined, and in the battle of Fryeburg the Saco tribe was practically wiped out.

After that revengeful blow Indian raids became not only fewer in number but less probable, and the inhabitants of the town felt freer to go about their business without the constant watchfulness which had been previously necessary. Yet even in 1726 hostile parties appeared two or three times and murdered several white persons, including two women and a child. These last three were the wife, daughter, and grandchild of Philip Durrell, for whom the well-known bridge across the Kennebunk River at The Landing was named. They were surprised and kidnapped while Durrell and his son-in-law were away at work. Because the two women and the infant child could not keep the pace of the fleeing savages, they were killed. The grandson, John, a lad of twelve, survived and was taken to Canada. Two



years later through an exchange of prisoners he was returned. Meantime he had become so accustomed to the habits of his captors that ever afterward he seemed more like an Indian than a white man. A Bible which Mrs. Durrell took with her, undoubtedly to sustain her courage and hope in the ordeal she was facing, was found by those who traced the death march, and is said to be still in existence.

At length, in 1727, Governor Dummer of Massachusetts succeeded in making effective the peace treaty which had been signed in 1725. For the next twenty years the dwellers in this region were free from savage raids, although they were frightened by two or three alarms.

Legend says that on one later occasion ruthless revenge followed an Indian murder. A settler living at the edge of the present village saw his child killed by a lurking savage. In his grief and fury he vowed that he would devote his life thereafter to killing as many Indians as possible. We do not know how many he may have killed in battle; but his murder of a harmless squaw is a tradition of the community.

This Indian woman, called Dinah, was an occasional visitor, tolerated by the community and in no way dangerous. One day, upon seeing her near his home, this man in a rage seized his ax and chased her. It was winter and she was on snowshoes. But for a mischance she could easily have escaped, since her pursuer was lame. It happened, however, that her shoe caught in a crack of the ledge over which she was running and her assailant caught up with her. In spite of her helplessness and frightened cries he killed her. Ever since, this ledge just behind the houses on the west side of the street leading into the village has been known as Dinah's Rock.

In spite of the Indian raids and murders previously described, the Red Men were evidently not all hostile to their white neighbors, or invaders. There is a tradition that after the last treaty in 1727, and in the year in which the first church was built (1728), a wedding party included a chief's daughter in gay native costume as one of the bridesmaids, and her father, who brought a deer as his contribution to the feast. The ceremony was performed by Mr. Eveleth, the first pastor of the restored community. The main beverage of the feast was tea made from goldenrod blossoms; and there was just enough wine

available for the minister and the chief to toast each other and the bridal couple. Other Indians were undoubtedly present, but the chief and the "princess" were the conspicuous guests.

### Religious Progress

We have already noted that in the earlier period of the Cape's history, before 1690, the people seemed to have little concern about religion. They were few in number and too poor to support a minister. Besides, it is probable that whatever religious sentiment they might have had was associated with the Church of England rather than with the forms of worship and the beliefs of the Puritans, so they were not particularly interested. Some of the settlers who lived at the eastern end of the town were included in the parish of Winter Harbor (Biddeford Pool). Some religious services were held at the home of a John Bush, perhaps by order of the court at Saco. One noisy fanatic, John Baker by name, made his contribution to the annals of the period by openly railing at such religious beliefs as were being generally preached or accepted, and noisily presenting his own views. He was twice squelched by the court.

With the return of inhabitants and the reorganization of the town in 1719, immediate consideration was given, as already noted, to the establishment of a church and the engaging of a minister. By this time, also, Puritan customs were thoroughly fixed. The Indian raids and the constant threat of savage invasion from 1723 to 1726 held up the erection of any church edifice. But at the annual town meeting on April 7, 1727, the citizens voted to build at public expense a church 36 feet long and 28 feet wide, with 18 foot studding. Thomas Perkins, who had bought the land at Stone Haven hill, agreed to build it for 170 pounds; "which meetinghouse is to be raised and sett on the East side of the little Cosway on ye east of Mr. Carr's new dwelling house as near the highway as can conveniently be." (A characteristic bit of location which explains why many a boundary mark was in later years difficult to establish.) This particular site was the corner lot opposite the Atlantic Fire Station and the Texaco Station where Route 9 swings



into the Mills Road. The building was soon finished, that is, outwardly. Pews, pulpit, and galleries came later; and, of course, it was unheated. In 1728 the money was voted by the townspeople to pay for the structure and sixty pounds was appropriated for the minister's stipend. He also was to have whatever "contributions might be given, and enough firewood to keep his home warm." We don't know just how many cords he received, but twenty-five was the allotment given to the minister in Wells at about the same period, enough it would seem to keep the ministerial temperature at the boiling point. Whether the parishioners here were equally warmhearted we have no record.

In the same year, 1728, the inhabitants in this vicinity were shaken both spiritually and physically by an earthquake. These upheavals or tremblings were regarded in those days not as merely natural phenomena, but dread warnings from the Deity to repent carelessness and sin and make peace with Him. So, in considerable numbers, hitherto unresponsive citizens hastened to join the church.

During the height of the Indian raids in 1724 the people were so restricted in their regular occupations that they found it difficult to pay their minister's salary. When, therefore, the settlers at Winter Harbor asked to have Mr. Eveleth preach for them half of the time, he and his parishioners consented. This arrangement continued until 1727 to the advantage of both communities and ceased only with the return of normal conditions to the area. Two years later Mr. Eveleth, because of advanced years, asked to be relieved of his duties as minister, or "dismissed" as custom phrased it then. He was under contract with the town and had to be released from that contract to be legally free from obligation. Reluctantly the townspeople agreed; for their minister was very popular among them. We know that he continued to live here until 1732; but whether he died here or had moved elsewhere before his death appears to be unrecorded. His house was near the foot of Crow Hill.

John Tucker was the next minister and preached for six months at 25 shillings a Sunday and whatever contributions were made plus his board. He did not last long; just why we don't know. Then came Thomas Prentice, or Prentis, as the records spell his name. He



preached for six months on trial at 30 shillings a Sunday with board and "contributions." He proved satisfactory and was invited to become the settled minister at 115 pounds a year, to which was added a hundred acres of land and 100 pounds to build a house. Either the cost of living was rising or the townsmen were becoming more prosperous.

However, Mr. Prentice was a businessman as well as a clergyman, and one who did not regard himself too modestly. He replied to the offer with another proposition. He would accept their call provided they would set his salary at 120 pounds, to be increased to 125 pounds in five years, and to 130 pounds in ten years, if he stayed that long. He also stipulated how the money should be paid, and that its value should always be reckoned in coin, not in paper money. He stated, in addition, what sort of house he should have and when it should be finished. Furthermore, he required another two hundred acres of land free from all other claims. If they were willing to accept his terms, fine! If not, then they had his good wishes while they looked elsewhere for a minister. The townsmen evidently appreciated his forthright attitude, for they agreed to his terms.

The home which was provided for the new minister still stands at the head of Pinkham's Cove under the sign "Ye Olde Garrison House." Its two wings have been added since. Whether this dwelling was once the Major Garrison House which was acquired by the town, remodeled, and presented to Mr. Prentice, or whether it was newly built for the minister, seems to be a question beyond definite settlement. It clearly had not been Mr. Eveleth's house, for he continued to live in the village after his "dismissal." Nor does Mr. Prentice seem to have been the kind of man who would accept an older, remodeled house, when he expected a new one built to meet his specifications. Furthermore, the title "Garrison House" might date from the Prentice ownership, since the dwelling was declared a garrison house at the time of an Indian scare in 1734, and was then strengthened to serve that purpose, although the need of using it as such never arose. The date claimed for the building is 1722. Mr. Prentice came here in 1730. The author can find no evidence to settle the dilemma.

Tradition says that Mr. Prentice was a very haughty man, as might



be assumed by the price he demanded for his services; but he seems to have retained his popularity until he severed his connection with the parish. During his pastorate the church was completed to the extent of pews, a pulpit, and galleries. Of course, as we said earlier, no attempt was made anywhere to heat churches, except possibly in cities. In winter the worshippers wore heavy clothing, and sometimes carried footwarmers to provide a little comfort. Women could profit by them more than men, since their skirts would conserve the heat. In very cold weather the meetings were sometimes held in private houses.

Mr. Prentice left the reputation of being a very excitable man, especially in the pulpit. Perhaps the need of keeping warm and making his audience forget the frigidity of the atmosphere had something to do with his physical activity. A family legend states that sometimes he became so earnest in his exhortations that he would knock his wig awry; whereupon his daughter would go to his rescue and quietly adjust his disturbed headgear, while her father without pause or comment would continue his discourse.

He did not have a long pastorate here in spite of the implication in his original contract that ten years or more might be possible. He came in 1730 and was "dismissed" at his request in 1738 with the proviso that he deed his real estate to the town, receiving therefor the sum of 150 pounds.

He departed in a time of great economic distress. In the period from 1734 to 1736 the Indians, still resenting the encroachment of white settlers upon their domain, became restless again. There were rumors of renewed hostilities. It was at this time that the home of Mr. Prentice was declared a garrison house and was strengthened for greater safety. On one occasion the sound of musket shots from the direction of Winter Harbor caused great alarm here. These fears necessarily curtailed the usual activities of the townspeople. Then, in the year 1737 a severe drought brought crop failure and actual famine conditions for both residents and their domestic animals. Many families were without corn for several months. These people then had to live largely on clams, a summer luxury for many nowadays and a good food at any time, but not satisfactory for a constant diet. Hay for live-

stock had all been consumed by April, almost before there was any feed in the pastures. Some hay and other foodstuffs were brought in from other ports, but the prices were very high. It was said that not a single peck of potatoes, a crop then recently introduced in Maine, could be found in the province. Incidentally, it is interesting to note that Mr. Prentice was the first man to grow this important vegetable in these parts. A short time afterwards a farmer here caused wonderment among his neighbors by producing ten bushels! How were he and his family going to consume them all?

Mr. Prentice also brought the first slave into the community. His successor also owned one; and five other citizens in the period before the Revolution possessed slaves. When Massachusetts by its constitution in 1780 abolished slavery, it necessarily also ceased to be legal in Maine. The fact that clergymen saw no wrong in slavery is an interesting sidelight on their moral attitude toward an institution which in a hundred years came to be regarded as a grievous wrong.

To add to the misery of this period a serious epidemic swept through the region in 1735 and was repeated, though in less virulent form, during the two following years. It seems to have been a sort of double scourge of influenza and diphtheria, the former attacking the adults and the latter the children. A great many were stricken and the death toll was high. In one family five children died within a week. In a few instances whole families were wiped out. Adding to the distress was the fact that no doctors were available. The first physician to settle in the town did not appear until 1786. Of course, medical assistance may have been summoned from Wells or Saco, but there is no evidence that such help came. The sufferers had to rely on the crude remedies which some housewife or grandmother thought effective. Perhaps it was just as well, since the doctors then knew little more than laymen about the causes and treatment of disease. It is not surprising that life expectancy then was only thirty-five years, although some men and women succeeded in passing the three score and ten mark. Considering that the population of the town numbered only three hundred, one can understand the terrible inroads hostile weather and disease made on the welfare of the community.



Evidently Mr. Prentice was not the man to stick by his people in this time of hardship and share with them their distresses. Finding it difficult to collect his salary, which had been raised several times since the original contract to correct the loss caused by inflation, he decided to leave for more promising pastures. He returned to Charlestown, Massachusetts, where he found another pastorate and where he was still living twenty-five years later. Like Mr. Eveleth he was a graduate of Harvard College, and had an excellent family background. He visited the community several times in later years, and, on one occasion at least, preached for his successor.

Five ministers followed Prentice in quick succession: Joshua Tufts, Moses Parsons, Samuel Webster, John Hovey, and John Barnard. Each one preached for a period of a few weeks or a few months. The people must have felt rather desperate concerning their religious needs; for each one of these men in turn received a call to settle here and each declined, a situation which clearly indicates the sad condition of affairs at the time.

At length, in 1741, they repeated their call to Mr. Hovey, offering him a salary of 180 pounds and the Prentice property for the price the town paid for it. This time Hovey accepted. One rather amusing condition of the contract concerned "contributions." It had previously been necessary to give all these to the minister, the town or parish providing all the contract salary by a special tax on the property holders. In Hovey's case all contributions unmarked or given by strangers were to be his; but those which were marked by the giver went into the general fund, somewhat reducing the tax.

For some years Mr. Hovey's ministry seems to have been satisfactory to his parishioners. Trouble at length developed over the "root of all evil"—money. At this time Massachusetts was again using a favorite method of meeting a financial emergency by issuing paper money, which, as usual, rapidly depreciated in value. For a time Mr. Hovey's salary was increased to keep it in line with the original contract. But he had not been as shrewd as his predecessor, who, as you recall, based his salary on real value. He also had neglected to secure from the town a deed to his house, the Prentice property, which he had bought.



When, at length, the town would do no more to balance the further inflation, the minister lost his temper and said uncomplimentary things about the citizens. This only made them more stubborn, and some of them vindictive. The Christian virtues of patience and love seem to have taken flight. At several subsequent town meetings Mr. Hovey either obtained financial relief or was refused, as his friends or his opponents happened to be in the majority.

All the while the number of inhabitants in the western part of the town along the river had been increasing faster than at the Cape, and sentiment developed toward dividing the parish, so that the western section might combine with a section of Wells (Kennebunk) to form a separate religious group. Mr. Hovey recommended calling a town meeting to consider the proposal. The officials refused and the minister called one himself. This one, attended mostly by his friends, censured the attitude of the hostile townsmen and advised them by a resolution to give Mr. Hovey a deed to his house, which they had still neglected or refused to do. The other group among the citizens, evidently a majority, or at least controlling the town offices, refused either to increase his pay, give him a deed, or even let him resign with an honorable "dismissal" unless he would surrender his house and land. The original proposition of dividing the parish was completely lost in the quarrel. This impasse lasted for four years.

Finally the inhabitants in the western and upper parts of the town tried to have the church moved to a location more convenient for them. Defeated in that move, they took heroic measures to gain their desire. On the night of April 28, 1763, they got two boys to set fire to the Cape church. The building was completely destroyed. At first the fire was believed to be due to the carelessness of the Sexton; and, if the boys had not talked, the real cause might never have been known. As it turned out the event only served to raise the temperature of the feud. The committee which was appointed to investigate, on finding out who was to blame, refused to prosecute the boys, feeling that they had been directed by older persons, and realizing the severe penalty the youngsters would have to suffer if convicted. Several of the pew owners, however, sued the boys' fathers for the assessed value of the pews and recovered.



In a town meeting later called to decide on the location of a new church building, a vote was obtained to build on Burbank's Hill. This site is diagonally across the street from the old Town House, and where the present First Congregational Church now stands. This brought a protest from the citizens in the eastern or Cape section that this location would be too far from the center of population. They further claimed that the meeting, itself, was illegal, having been summoned without sufficient notice. Finally, those who favored the new location offered to settle the dispute by referring it to a committee of three disinterested men, two from Saco and one from Wells. This proposal was accepted, and these arbitrators decided in favor of Burbank's Hill.

Yet those who opposed this location refused to give up, contending that the whole action was illegal, because a true majority was opposed to it. Again a town meeting was summoned on the question of reconsidering the previous action. The moderator of this gathering, putting the question for reconsideration, declared the vote in favor of the affirmative side without calling for the negative vote at all, although that was where the majority lay. Then the committee in charge of building the church sued the town for the original appropriation and won its case. A sale of pews allowed the completion of the building. This was in the year 1765 and the action very clearly revealed where the population strength lay. Cape Porpoise thus lost the ascendancy it had previously held in town affairs. For many years afterward the Cape remained a rather independent community within the town.

Of course this long controversy did not help the relationship between Mr. Hovey and his flock. Some of them called him by rather hard names, to which his response was neither mild nor forgiving. It became very evident that a separation between pastor and parish was essential for religious harmony. Therefore a committee of delegates from York, Kittery, Wells, and Biddeford was selected which submitted a report criticizing both community and minister for their behavior and calling for a more Christian spirit among all concerned. Their conclusion was that Mr. Hovey was to be relieved of his duties here, and that the town was to give him a deed to his real estate, render it free from taxes while he owned it, and advance his arrears in

pay amounting to 133 pounds. He got his deed, but the other claims were not finally settled until about the year 1800.

Mr. Hovey was dismissed in August, 1768, and during the next two years there was no settled minister. Two clergymen served for different periods in the interim. Late in 1770 Rev. Silas Moody was called and accepted the invitation to settle here, where he remained until 1815, when, because of age and infirmities, he retired. His wife, by the way, was the daughter of the Rev. Daniel Little, first minister of the First Church of Kennebunk. Because of the relocation of the church and the feud which attended it, the people of the Cape ceased to have a conspicuous part in the parish, and eventually they built a church of their own under the guidance of a different denomination.

### The Early Schools

One striking fact, considering that Maine was a part of Massachusetts, was the indifference of the citizens of Cape Porpoise to education. Not only were there no schools for over a century, but apparently no interest in having any. Of course there were always some who could read and write and taught their children these skills. Somebody was always able to keep records; but most of the inhabitants in the early years had no particular need for this ability. There were no books to read except the Bible, no newspapers or magazines, and for the majority no correspondence to answer. They were not concerned with religion or ideals of freedom and democracy such as animated the Puritan emigrants to Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay. They came only to better their economic condition. Sparse population and Indian dangers left little room for any motivation beyond bare existence. Cape Porpoise was the last of the communities in this area to comply with the Massachusetts law requiring each town to provide schooling for its children.

The first formal teaching seems to have been done by the first minister, Mr. Eveleth, who apparently was always ready to serve his people in any beneficial way. His successor, however, was not willing to extend his duties beyond those relating to his profession. So, in 1733,



the town voted for the first time to hire a teacher, leaving the location of the school and the choice of an instructor to the selectmen; a procedure generally followed in other towns. They hired a Mr. Hicks, who was a resident, to impart knowledge to the younger generation for the munificent sum of 2 pounds, 6 shillings, and 10 pence a year, worth in the depreciated currency of the times about \$5.00.

Either Mr. Hicks was unsatisfactory or did not like the job or found the pay too small; for he did not continue beyond the twelve months. So there was again no school until 1736. The voters were evidently convinced of the absurdity of the first salary, since they then hired another resident, Mr. John Williams, for 30 pounds. He lasted four years, being re-elected either by the voters or the selectmen, probably the latter. In 1740 he asked for a raise, a request which seems to have been regarded as an affront to the dignity and good intentions of the town officers; for he was dismissed. Even then he had to sue the town to collect the pay already due.

Another hiatus followed in the educational progress of the community, interrupted for short periods, when a teacher was hired merely to avoid a fine for failure to provide a school. It was cheaper to hire a teacher, or go through the legal motions of doing so, than to pay the fine. The process was this: No provision for a school; town cited to the General Court for not providing one; teacher hired for a nominal sum; penalty withdrawn. The person hired might teach or he might not. In 1750 a Mr. Parrot was employed to teach in various localities in the town to accommodate different areas. This plan lasted only for a year, although Parrot gained the reputation of being a good instructor. The next year the town clerk was the schoolmaster. He was to receive 6 pounds a month for three months and "find himself." A Mr. Hickey followed for a period of several years. In 1766 two teachers were hired, Mr. Hickey for the Cape and a Mr. Ward for the Saco road section. This arrangement brought hot objection from the Cape citizens, and Mr. Ward had to sue to get his pay. "Reckless extravagance" was the voters' contention. It was not until 1772 that a teacher of any permanence was secured. This man was Ezra Thompson, or "Old Master Thompson" as he was called.

This gentleman was a graduate of Harvard who must have liked

to teach, because he did not seem to care whether he got his pay or not. Such a person must have appealed strongly to the officials and voters of the town. His school was not located at the Cape, however, but in the western section of the community. For several years the school must have been conducted in his own house or some other private dwelling; for the first schoolhouse was not built until 1780 in the yard of the church at Burbank's Hill. Even then the town would not appropriate any money for the building, perhaps because of Cape opposition, although there is no evidence to confirm this theory. The cost was met by private subscription. After that school privileges became regular although they long remained very elementary by modern standards. Readin', 'ritin', and 'rithmetic formed the constant curriculum.

Much of this seeming negligence was due to poverty. During the whole long period before the Revolution the tax levied on this town was the lowest in the county, and the town was constantly referred to as "poor Cape Porpus" or "poor Arundel." Yet even when conditions were at their worst there was only one pauper. Whatever each family had it shared with its neighbors in time of need. In the long story of three hundred years, as far as means were available, no one at the Cape was ever allowed to suffer from lack of food or shelter, or other such care as could be provided.

### Politics, Transportation, and Trade in 1750

It is quite evident from the foregoing episodes that local politics could be very lively. But beyond this, Arundel citizens seem to have had little interest in matters concerning the whole province, and almost no connection with Massachusetts except to contribute soldiers to the several wars, or respond to some legal command. Of course they had an immediate stake in the Indian hostilities. They also furnished their quota of troops for the famous expedition, led by Sir William Pepperell, which captured Louisburg from the French in 1748. Records show that a few men were "impressed" or drafted. But from 1722 to 1744 no representative of this town sat in the General Court,



and then only because the community had failed to receive the aid granted to neighboring towns for protection against the Indians. Mr. Perkins, who was sent at that time, proved to be an efficient courier, since he obtained a grant of 100 pounds.

The voting privileges were very definitely based on the ownership of real estate. The owner of fifty acres had  $\frac{1}{2}$  a vote; of one hundred acres 1 vote; of two hundred acres 2 votes, and so on. In the middle of the eighteenth century there was little other wealth in rural communities to be considered. How completely frontier this region was is revealed by the offer in 1736 of a four shilling bounty for the killing of a full-grown wolf.

During the seventeenth and early part of the eighteenth century transportation was largely confined to boats. Before 1730 there were no highways which would merit the name of roads. There was a path for horse and foot travelers which followed the shore, beginning at the ferry near the mouth of the Kennebunk River and running to Winter Harbor on the Saco. Although greater interest in highways came with the reorganization of the town in 1719, the Indian danger remained so acute during the early 1720's that all travelers were inclined to hug the shore. In the early 1730's a highway was built from the church corner in the present village to Batson's River (the Ice Pond bridge); and a little later this road was continued to Goose Rocks. Allotments of land were granted on either side of planned roads probably to encourage settlement in those particular localities. This seems to have been the case with the "Old Saco Road" crossing Durrell's Bridge and connecting with the Wells-Saco highway. Natural paths were also broadened into highways as need or convenience called for them. Records of appropriations for roads naturally become more frequent and larger as the years advance; but complaints were registered from time to time against the town for failure to keep a road or bridge in repair.

In the two excessively dry periods, during 1737 and again in 1748-1749, it was so difficult to procure food for livestock that some of the inhabitants had to give up their horses and travel on foot. Perhaps for that reason they temporarily lost interest in roads. Mr. Hovey remarked in his diary that in the two later years the land had never been

so dry. Fires roared through the forests unchecked, and at one time he had great difficulty in saving his house and barn (the "Old Garrison House" described on previous pages). How many homes may have been burned we do not know; undoubtedly some must have been destroyed. The drought was then believed to be caused by the nearness of the planet Mars, which, because of its red color, was supposed to be a hot planet and so dried up the earth's atmosphere.

All trading, except for small scale exchange between neighboring towns, was done by water. In the early 1700's the lumber trade, the only export in the earlier period, revived and was extended to the West Indies as well as to southern colonial ports. Especially was this true after the Indian raids stopped in 1727. Fish, potash, and furs were added to some extent. Vessels from other ports frequently entered the harbor to escape storms or anchor for a day, and undoubtedly picked up or discharged some freight here. Few ships were built in this harbor, and of these all but one were sloops. Shipbuilding as an industry did not develop as it did on the Kennebunk River a few miles away.

### During the Revolution and After

In the third quarter of the eighteenth century, from 1750 to 1775, the population of the town increased quite rapidly, the larger increase occurring in the western section. The total population at the earlier date was about 350; by 1776 it was 1,143. Although previous to 1765 the people here seemed to take little interest in events outside their immediate vicinity, they became very alert to those occurrences which led to the Revolution. They sent a delegate to the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts which met at Concord. They sent their full quota of soldiers to serve in the struggle for independence and were intensely loyal to this cause. One can readily understand from the economic condition of the townspeople that there was very little, if any, Tory sentiment here.

During the long war the inhabitants were on the alert for possible attack from the sea. None occurred, however, until very near the close of the conflict. In August, 1781, an English brig of 18 guns en-



tered the harbor and seized a schooner and a sloop. To meet this invasion a company of men crossed the flats to Trott's Island and passed from there to Goat Island from which the British ship was only seventy yards away. The enemy vessel sent a landing party to prevent the Americans from reaching Goat Island; but, perceiving that they were outnumbered, the British sailors retreated to their boat. If the local force had given them the chance, the invaders might have surrendered rather than be killed; but, as the Yankees did not cease firing, the English sailors piled into their boat and tried to reach their vessel. It was estimated that sixteen or seventeen of them were killed before they could get aboard. The only loss to the American side was Captain James Burnham, struck by a bullet just as he raised his head above a sheltering rock to fire.

Meantime two cannon had been procured and dragged to Trott's Island, from which firing was begun on the British ship. Its captain then concluded that it was time to leave, and he succeeded in warping his vessel out of the harbor. During this maneuver he temporarily went aground on the east side of the entrance. Had not the ammunition of the local soldiers given out, the cannon might have been moved to Goat Island and the vessel captured. As it was the Britishers were soon able to get their ship off the ledge and sailed away. In the later War of 1812 English men-of-war patrolled this coast, but no hostile ship has entered the harbor since that defeat of 1781. After the Revolution trade rapidly improved as vessels were free to venture wherever they chose without fear of capture by hostile craft.

Of course, business had to face the currency shrinkage caused by the elimination of the paper money issued during the war. In 1791, 16,000 pounds of this currency shrank in value to about 110 pounds. Men who had seemed comparatively wealthy were suddenly poor. But once more they were in contact with the West Indies and coastal towns farther south than Boston; and since the local traders were not attempting to engage in commerce with Europe, where England tried for a time to throttle American trade, and where the savage rivalry between France and England made shipping hazardous, they did not suffer as did some of the larger coastal towns from the seizure of their vessels and the impressment of their crews.

A few ships were built in this harbor in the final years of the century, but practically all construction quickly shifted to the River, where the business grew rapidly. Greater areas for shipyards, nearness to lumber supplies, larger available capital, shelter from storms, more satisfactory facilities for launching; all these conditions account for the situation. Skilled labor also followed opportunity. Fishing, therefore, became the chief business of the Cape seamen.

Politically the citizens here held the same opinions as those in other sections of the town, except for differing local interests. Like most voters in the whole province of Maine, they were staunch Federalists. The shift to Jacksonian Democracy was to come in later years. They approved of the policies of Washington's administration and supported John Adams—a conservative people in spite of their frontier background. They were overwhelmingly opposed to the idea of separating from Massachusetts to gain independent statehood. In a convention at Sanford in the year 1792, called to consider this proposal, and undoubtedly attended by delegates from this town, it was defeated by a vote of 64 to 1.

At one time, between the years 1806 and 1808, the landowners hereabouts were much alarmed by claims advanced by some citizens of Massachusetts who held a deed given by an old chieftain of this region, Mogg Megone, to a Major Philips in 1664. The original document may still be seen at the Massachusetts Historical Society. It included all the land between the Kennebunk and Batson Rivers, and therefore all the Cape. The deed was given while the region was in the possession of the Gorges heirs, and in the interim between the accession of Charles II of England and the purchase of the province by Massachusetts. In that purchase the claims of Major Philips were reserved to his heirs. In 1732 an attempt was made to settle the claim by an offer of a thousand acres on the western side of the Kennebunk River in return for a quitclaim deed of the Arundel property. However, nothing came of the offer, and for the time being the claim was not pressed.

In 1806 it was renewed in earnest, and suit was brought in court at Alfred to recover ownership. But the suit was brought against people who had long held the land and could prove their title by possession.



Therefore the suit was lost on this technicality, and justly so. It was never renewed.

The inhabitants of the Cape shared indirectly in the very profitable commerce which grew out of the war between France and England, beginning in 1803, although the chief beneficiaries were the merchants and shipowners who lived in Kennebunk and Arundel village.

The Embargo in 1807 checked but did not stop this commerce. The declaration of war against England, however, brought a temporary halt. As a result, some of the shipowners of Arundel turned to privateering as a means of neutralizing their losses, but without the hoped-for success. All the privateers from this region were captured. Some of their crews spent a year or two in Dartmoor prison in England. None of these private men-of-war were owned at the Cape; yet it is probable that Cape seamen were among the crews. This supposition has not been verified.

### Cape Porpoise Village after 1800

Life here in the early years of 1800, as in other rural sections of the country, must have been quite isolated and primitive, at least by present standards, or even those of the second half of the century. The only means of overcoming darkness were tallow candles, whale oil lamps, or pine knots in the fireplace. The working days were long, usually from sunrise to sunset. As late as within the memory of residents now living here there was only one mail a day, and only two men subscribed to a newspaper, parts of which were often read aloud to the group gathered in Uncle Stephen Hutchins' Post Office. It was, of course, not a long drive to the river village; but most supplies, other than those produced in the community, came by water from Portland or Boston. Sloops made rather frequent trips to the former city, as weather permitted.

One of the important developments of the early years of this century was the organization of a new religious society. Before the Revolution, as we have seen, the establishment of a church was a town affair, subject to the decisions of the voters or the selectmen. Only one





type of church was then legally permissible. In the latter part of the nineteenth century, however, the bars were let down so that other sects might have a chance. Therefore the citizens of the river village, unable to persuade Mr. Moody, minister of the church at Burbank's Hill, to divide his time and preach to them, proceeded to organize a Baptist Society in 1803. This group tried without success to obtain a share of the "parsonage money" allotted to Mr. Moody. In spite of this failure in financial backing the Baptists obtained from the Massachusetts General Court an act of incorporation and drew adherents from all parts of the town.

Noting this success, the Methodist Conference next moved in during the year 1810. Advance representatives came to Arundel village and gained enough converts to form a "class," the nucleus of a future congregation. Meetings were held at about the same time at the Cape, a fruitful field, since many of its people had lost all interest in the old church after it was moved to Burbank Hill.

The exact date of the formation of a "class" here is not known, but it was probably before 1820. For a considerable time the numbers were too few to establish a separate church; so, until 1853 the converts held meetings in private homes or in the schoolhouse and were accepted as members of the church at the Port village. (The name Kennebunkport replaced Arundel in 1821.) The services at the Cape continued on Saturday nights until the members built their own church.

In the summer of 1856 the trustees of the church organization borrowed \$400 to buy a lot on which to erect the church building and pay for the necessary lumber. (Note the probable price of the lumber.) George Fletcher, Thatcher Hutchins, and Joseph Huff borrowed the money from James Huff and gave their joint note for that amount. The building lot was purchased from George Wakefield. The frame for the building was sawed at the Smith Brothers' mill on Batson's River. Aaron M. Mellon was hired as the builder. The carpenters who worked with him were Stephen Libby of Limerick and Mathew Boerner of this village. The structure was completed in April, 1857, and dedicated on the 30th of that month, while Rev. John Collins was the minister.

## Pulpit Platform

Stephen Hutchins
Owen Hutchins
Gorham Belden

George Fletcher
Clement Huff
William Hutchins
Amos Hutchins

Skipper Joe Hutchins	James Fletcher
Thatcher Hutchins	Eliza Littlefield
James Huff	Abbie Huff
John Tanner	A. M. Mellon
James Leach	Payson Huff
Andrew Burnham	Benj. Wakefield
E. Perkins	D. W. Lord
"Aunt Jinny" Huff	Mr. Rhodes

Joseph Littlefield	Jedediah Towne
Joseph Huff	W. H. Hutchins
Dana Hutchins	Capt. Wm. Wildes
Martha Averill	Jedediah Towne
Capt. Seth Grant	Eleazar Jeffery
Geo. Wakefield	Samuel Grant
Geo. Averill	George Hutchins
Wm. H. Hutchins	Jacob Huff

SEATING PLAN OF THE ORIGINAL CHURCH, SHOWING PEW OWNERSHIP.



Beyond necessary repairs from time to time no change in this building was made until 1898. In that year a vestry was added. In September, 1902, work was commenced on the steeple. This was completed in November; and the bell, the generous gift of Mr. Frank A. Allen, was rung for the first time on November 19. It rang to call the people to worship on the following Sunday, November 23. As it was the custom of the Methodist Conference to limit pastorates to two years, there have been many ministers in this hundred-year-old parish, most of them highly respected and loved, so the number would have been few had it not been for this denominational practice. In 1910 the steeple was completed as we see it now by the addition of a fine Howard clock. Mr. Allen is said to have made a generous gift toward this useful adornment; but the cost was met, in part at least, by public subscription. The clock struck for the first time at 3 P.M. on October 22, 1910.

The auditorium of the church is adorned by six fine memorial windows. Four have been given in memory of individuals and two by the Ladies' Circle. Those in memory of individuals are as follows: Christina Langsford; Richard J. and Caroline E. Nunan; Emily S. Nunan; and an unmarked window given by Mrs. Gregory P. Baxter in memory of her mother, Mrs. Sylvester, for many years a well-known summer visitor in this village. The two windows added by the Ladies' Circle bear the dates of 1908 and 1909, one a simple gift to complete the artistic beauty of the church, the other in memory of deceased members of the Circle, which has been a constant and unfailing bulwark of support through the years. The name has recently changed to the Women's Guild; but the object and service of the organization is still the same.

One of the remarkable features of this community has been the unusual unity and self-sacrifice of its members in any common public project. Recently for example, a new heating plant was needed for the church. A modern plant was installed at considerable cost and paid for within a year, not through large gifts, but through the unselfish and concerted efforts of many. Although in name and in supervision the church is Methodist, being under the general direction of the General Conference, it is a community church, in which all are

welcome to have a part regardless of creedal differences—a genuine Christian organization.

Following are the names of the ministers who have served this parish through the years: Revs. Kinsman Atkinson, 1853-1855; E. Gerry, 1855-1857; John Collins, in whose pastorate the church was built, 1857-1858; (it then had 29 members) Benjamin Freeman, in whose pastorate the church was dedicated, 1858-1860; J. Perrin, 1860; Benjamin Lufkin, 1861-1862; S. V. Gerry, 1863-1864; A. C. Trafton, 1865-1866; J. E. Budden, 1867-1869; J. P. Baxter, 1870; F. S. Dresser, 1871-1872; C. M. Word, 1873; W. P. Merrill, 1874; Charles Andrews, 1875-1876; A. T. Hillman, 1877; John Cobb, 1878; Benjamin Freeman, 1879; W. P. Merrill, 1880; D. R. Ford, 1880-1882; A. Cook, 1883-1885; J. Nixon, 1887; O. H. Stevens, 1887-1888; F. Grovenor, 1888-1890; F. H. Bragdon, 1891-1892; G. I. Lowe, 1893-1894; H. L. Nichols, 1895-1897; L. H. Bean and briefly E. Bean, 1898-1899; Insley A. Bean, 1900-1903; C. P. Skillings, and for the summer, R. D. Tarbox, 1904; S. E. Leach, 1905-1907; William Wood, 1908-1909; T. P. Baker, 1910-1915; C. H. Gray (supply) 1916; N. W. Lindsay (supply) 1917-1919; S. E. Leach, 1920; F. L. Littlefield, 1920-1925; Frank Oldridge, 1926; W. A. Smith, 1927-1928; Zebedee Andrews, 1929-1930; Charles L. Whynot, 1931-1934; William R. Patterson, 1935-1937; Fred M. Staples, 1938-1941; Elijah Mercer, 1942-1943; Marvin R. Green, 1944-1947; John Edwards, 1948-1949; Gerald C. Milliken, 1950; Eldridge E. Brewster, 1951; Eugene W. Shrigley, 1951——.

## The Harbor

During the two hundred and thirty-two years between the arrival of Martin Pring in 1603 and the year 1835, entering this harbor must have been hazardous for a stranger at any time, and at night even for a native, except in clear weather and with a calm sea. The channel is deep enough, but very narrow, and opposite a concealed ledge called Old Prince about a quarter of a mile from the entrance.

In 1834 Congress was persuaded to do something about this hazardous situation at the chief port of call between Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and Portland, Maine. Six thousand dollars was then ap-



propriated to build a lighthouse on Goat Island to light the channel into the harbor as well as provide an additional beacon on a dangerous coast where many a ship has been wrecked. The tower was built in 1835 and a small stone house for the light-keeper. In 1860 the lighthouse was remodeled and a new residence built with a covered corridor leading to the light. Whale oil was the fuel for the lantern until the 1860's; then lard oil replaced this fuel until the appearance of reliable kerosene. From the day it was first lighted this light has never failed to send its beams across the sea.

The first keeper of the light was Capt. John Lord, who received the munificent salary of \$350 a year, an indication, also, of money values in the 1830's. There have been eighteen keepers of the light, not counting several who were employed for short terms while the Coast Guard took charge during World War II. The longest in service was George Wakefield from 1887 to 1922. He is remembered here for his unusual care and watchfulness which saved lives because he was able to act quickly to bring rescue to sinking vessels.

Following is the list of lighthouse-keepers and their terms of service:

Capt. John Lord (Kennebunk)	1835-1842
Thatcher Hutchins	1842-1846
George Fletcher	1846-1850
Capt. Samuel Grant	1850-1858
George Averill	1858-1862
Joseph Huff	1862-1866
Capt. Illsley (Portland)	1866-1873
Brad Emerson	1873-1878
John Emerson	1878-1887
George Wakefield	1887-1922
Leo Allen (Lubec)	1922-1926
James Anderson	1926-1939
Justin Foss, Sr.	1939-1942
Coast Guard Personnel	1942-1946
Joseph Bakken	1946-1950
Robert McWilliams	1950-1953
Bruce Jordan	1953—

In addition to the lighthouse the harbor entrance is today guarded by the *Grunter*, a whistling buoy two miles off shore, a bell buoy beside a dangerous ledge, known as "Old Prince," a spindle on Goat Island, and a tripod on Folly Island at the other side of the harbor entrance. Inside the harbor a can buoy marks the channel and is quite necessary to enable a helmsman to avoid the maze of lobster traps, whose floating markers dot the waters in all directions, and often trespass on the channel itself.

In past years, before the development of auxiliary power, many vessels were wrecked trying to make the harbor entrance in the night, or fog, or storm. Some years ago a schooner, loaded with coal, piled up on Folly Island and thus kept the village residents supplied with fuel for at least one winter. Two schooners laden with granite for construction work on Sing Sing prison in New York went ashore one foggy night almost in the shadow of the lighthouse. Undoubtedly the part of the prison for which this cargo was intended was long ago completed, but not with this granite which still lies on the ledges off Goat Island.

The last major wreck in this region, though not near the harbor entrance, was the freighter *Wandby*, which ended its career on the ledges about a mile and a half west of the lighthouse near Walker's Point. The weather was calm, but very foggy, a condition which had existed for several days, in the spring of 1921. On March 9 the captain, unable to get his bearings and impatient of further delay, concluded he was off Portland harbor and ordered full steam ahead. With a force which shook portions of the village of Kennebunkport like a minor earthquake the ship piled on the rocks. The crew had no difficulty in getting ashore, and every rat deserted the vessel, adding materially to the rodent population of the neighborhood.

Since the universal installation of auxiliary power and release from dependence on canvas to make this narrow entrance, wrecks at this particular point have ceased. Silas H. Perkins, long a resident of Kennebunkport, and widely known for his local ballads, has described in the following poem the lonely sea-guardian which rises and falls on the restless waves in "The Grunter off the Cape."



## TH' GRUNTER OFF TH' CAPE

When th' wheelin' gulls is cryin' an' th' wind is from th' east,  
 When th' scuddin' clouds is flyin' an' th' sea's a bilin' yeast,  
 When th' lugger's dropped her anchor an' is ridin' out th' gale,  
 When th' ol' sea-battered tanker is a-foamin' to her rail,  
 Then you'll hear a sort o' moanin' like a monster full o' grief—  
 It's th' grunter that's a-groanin'—keeps a groanin' off th' reef.

Clear above th' steady roarin' of th' breakers on th' shore,  
 Clear above th' rain a-pourin' an' a-beatin' at th' door,  
 Of th' gusts o' wind a-shakin' ev'ry winder, ev'ry blind,  
 When th' whole earth seems a-quakin' like a feller human-kind,  
 When there ain't a sail a-showin', and he's out there all alone,  
 That's just when he gets a-goin', an' you ought t' hear him groan!

When it's fine, with coaster's luggin' ev'ry sail before th' breeze,  
 When th' power-boats is chuggin' an' a-takin' of their ease,  
 When th' sea is just a-lappin' gentle like, 'sef 'twas asleep,  
 Then th' grunter lies a-nappin', an' he doesn't let a peep.  
 For th' grunter, he's a feller who is watchin' sea an' sky,  
 An' he doesn't try t' beller when there ain't no reason why.

When th' stars come out a-beamin' an' th' weather is all fair,  
 When th' light-house is a-gleamin', then th' grunter's free from  
 care.

He'll just lay there calm an' easy, like a feller at his rest,  
 But he'll wake when it gets breezy, an' he'll do his level best.  
 When th' shore-lights is a-showin' that's enough for him t' know,  
 But you ought t' hear him goin' when th' wind begins t' blow!

Sometimes when I hear him groanin' in the big seas 'way out there,  
 Tellin' all th' ships in hearin', "Keep away from here! Beware!"  
 I think you're a brainy feller. When you cry there's an excuse,  
 But some human critters beller when there ain't a mite o' use,  
 An' keep up their doleful yellin' in th' dire-fullest tones  
 When there ain't no way o' telling what's th' reason for their  
 groans.

In keeping with all other matters of the present day, the lighthouse  
 has also become modernized. It now has a telephone and electric cur-

rent, so that electricity will soon supersede kerosene as the lighting agent. But power sometimes fails, especially during heavy storms, so that the older-fashioned lamp will have to be available for emergency. The human element is still very important here.

At the southeast corner of this lighthouse island there is a level bit of ledge known as Table Rock, a fine vantage point from which to view the activities at the mouth of the harbor, and a very photogenic spot.

In 1950 a deep channel was dredged from the pier toward the head of the Cove for the better accommodation of the fishing fleet, the material being used to fill low and swampy places and make usable land along the shore.

### In Times of War

In common with other New England communities the Cape has contributed its quota of men to fight the nation's battles. We have already noted its part in the Revolution and the War of 1812. During the Civil War or "War between the States" it gave loyal support to the Union cause with a roster of nearly one hundred and fifty volunteers. In the list of names recorded there is, of course, no distinction of locality; but these familiar names appear: Hutchins, Perry, Nunan, Wildes, Huff, Jennison, Jeffrey, Littlefield, and Lord—some of them naturally more than once. Oddly enough, however, in a diary of that period kept by a well-known citizen of the village, only two references to this conflict occur. One speaks of the return of a wounded soldier, Edward Hutchins, who arrived home on July 10, 1864, and died two days later. The other item was a statement on April 10, 1865, of the news of Lee's surrender. Other entries in this diary indicate that the interests of the recorder were almost wholly local, and so might not indicate a general lack of interest in national news, though they do suggest an isolation quite in contrast with the present day. It is strange, however, that this same diarist did not mention the very sad instance of Palmer Huff, the son of Israel and Jane Huff who used to live in a tiny house at the foot of Crow Hill. They were known to the children who went to school in the old building on the hilltop as Uncle Tid and Aunt Jinny. Their son was a casualty of the war. When the



casket containing his body was brought home, the house was too small to receive it; so it was placed in the schoolhouse until the following day, and there the funeral service was held.

One interesting and most amusing occurrence happened here during this period when men were being drafted for military service. One Silas Grant was exempted from the draft because he stuttered. On this page is a copy of his exemption certificate.

*Grant's Exemption*

CERTIFICATE OF EXEMPTION FOR A DRAFTED PERSON ON  
ACCOUNT OF DISABILITY

This is to certify, That *Silas P. Grant*, of *Kennebunkport*, *York* county, State of *Maine*, having been drafted, and claiming exemption on account of disability, has been carefully examined, and is found to be unfit for military duty by reason of *Stammering*, and, in consequence thereof, he is exempt from service under the present draft.

CHARLES H. DOUGHTY

*Provost Marshal, and President of Board of Enrollment.*

E. S. MOM'S

*Member of Board of Enrollment.*

THEO. H. JECOETE

*Surgeon of Board of Enrollment.*

Dated at *Portland*, this 10<sup>th</sup> day of *Sept*, 1865.

One notable fact made evident by this same diary was the change in the standard of wages which came during the conflict, due probably in part to inflation and to the increased demand for labor compared to the supply. In 1860 and 1861 the regular wage for skilled labor (the diarist was a carpenter) was 10 cents an hour, or \$1.00 a day. In 1864-1865 the rate had increased to 20 cents an hour, or \$2.00 per day. The working day was still ten hours and would remain so for many years to come. Evidently the scale here was somewhat higher than in many localities, or the diarist was able to command more, since \$1.50 was a rather common standard for many years afterward.

The Spanish War was so brief that it called for very few volunteers and there were no casualties here. In World War I men were at once drafted for military service so every community furnished its

quota, and this village gave its share. However, all returned. In World War II the quota was still larger, the conflict was longer, several returned battle-worn; and four "gave the last full measure of devotion." These were Kenneth David Perkins, Donald Hartley Huff, Richard Albert Simmons, and Capt. Albert Henry Fletcher, lost when his ship was torpedoed by a German submarine.

### Business Activities

Such industries as were carried on in this village in earlier days, with the exception of sawmills and a gristmill, were of the hand variety. Machinery figured very little in the everyday activities of a Maine rural community until late in the century. Oxen hauled the plows, harrows, and carts on the farm; hand tools did the work in the shops; yarn was spun, both wool and flax, in the homes; stockings and mittens were knit by the mothers and grandmothers, maiden aunts, and novices; rugs were braided or hooked and carpets were woven by hand and in the homes. Perhaps it would be simpler to say that there were no power-driven machines in such communities as this, and the people expected in a very large degree to supply their needs by their own labor.

Of the industrial trades at the Cape perhaps the most interesting to a person of the present day was the shoe shop. It used to stand on the right side of the Mills Road going toward Goose Rocks, just beyond the sharp bend at the end of the village. It has been moved across the highway and serves the humble purpose of a garage at Four-Acre Farm. It was owned and operated by Joseph Huff and his son Laroy who lived in the house opposite. Mr. Huff became the lighthouse-keeper in 1862 and continued there until 1866, returning to his shop again at the close of this period of service, and rejoining his son in the production of footwear.

In the shop were two cobblers' benches, with the hammers, awls, lasts, knives, wax and thread which went with the trade. The leather used to come from the tanned hides of cattle or sheep locally raised. As the stock got low some unhappy beef critter or sheep was sacrificed, whose skin went to the tannery nearby for the long six months



process then in use for the tanning of hides. The thread with which the shoes were sewed came from the flax wheel of some industrious housewife in the neighborhood; the needles were the bristles of a live or dead hog; wax for the thread was a careful mixture of resin and clear lard, melted to a nice consistency, so that, when chewed, it would not stick to the teeth. It took the place of bubble gum for the youngsters of long ago and had to be guarded from childhood theft. As Laroy Huff once remarked, "Boys will be boys, or deadheads."

As for method, the customer for a pair of boots or shoes stood on a sheet of paper with his heel against the wall. The cobbler stuck a knife in the floor in front of the great toe, then drew on the paper an outline of the foot. From this drawing a last was fashioned. The same last served for both the left and the right foot, unless one was clearly larger than the other. If when the shoes were made, the fit proved too bad they were passed to the local storekeeper to dispose of to some customer who could wear them. A pair of shoes or pumps, made of sheepskin, cost two and sixpence; or in our money language forty-two cents. Boots made of cowhide ranged from \$1.37 to \$1.78, depending, no doubt, on the quality of the leather.

About a mile beyond the shoe shop on Batson's River were a saw-mill and a gristmill which provided the local lumber supply and ground the locally raised grain for livestock or household use.

In the village square, where Mrs. Helen Ward Nunan's building now stands, was the stonecutting shop of Stephen Hutchins until 1868, when he remodeled it for a post office, as will be explained later. Across the street, so the author has been told, Charles Averill engaged in the same occupation; but he cannot verify the report. At any rate, we know that granite was once an important product of this area, and the stonecutter's trade an important occupation.

Down on the western shore of the Cove Payson Huff installed his great kettle in which he extracted from cod livers his medicinal contribution to the health of this community and other areas, before the vitamin era. It is told that when his plant was working and the wind was southeast, everyone in the vicinity knew what was going on. In fact Mr. Huff is said to have declared that without a southeast breeze the fire under his kettle would not burn properly. Over on Huff's Neck, where the Langsford House now stands, were the fishhouse,

wharf, and extensive fish flakes of Clement Huff, who carried on a considerable export business in salt cod.

Another ancient trade represented here was that of the blacksmith. Whether any such tradesman had a shop here before 1850 is doubtful. At any rate there is no record of one. In that year George P. Piper from Athol, Massachusetts, built a house on Crow Hill and set his shop just above it opposite the schoolhouse. His reason for coming here was probably his marriage to Lydia Seavey, a native of the Cape. He not only shod horses and did the usual ironwork needed for house, wagon, or ship, but had a sling for shoeing oxen, the most important draft animals of that era. During the 1870's the Pipers moved to Biddeford, selling their home to Enoch Curtis, and the blacksmith shop was discontinued, not to be replaced until 1899, when William Jennison built his shop next to the schoolhouse at the corner of the Square and opposite the present I. G. A. store of the Bradbury brothers. The use of oxen had by that time so decreased that the sling was omitted from his equipment. However, he carried on a brisk business, employing at one time an assistant. There were still many horses to be shod, tires to be set, and carts to be mended. On February 6, 1927, Mr. Jennison was suddenly stricken while at work, with a cerebral hemorrhage and died five days later. There was no one to take his place, so the shop gradually fell to ruin and was finally cleared away.

There have been many storekeepers, as they used to be called, who made or are making their living by supplying the common needs of their neighbors. The first one of these on record seems to have been Jedediah Towne, who in 1835 built a store on the corner lot opposite the present Pinkham property, where the road sharply curves toward the head of the Cove. It contained two rooms, one in front for groceries and dry goods, the other in the rear for the storage of bulky material, such as barrels of sugar, hogsheads of molasses, and casks of vinegar. Once a year Mr. Towne went to Boston on a shopping expedition. His purchases were generally brought by water on a coastal schooner or sloop to the 'Port and hauled by wagon to this village.

Being a natural center toward which the people moved on their daily errands, the store served as the unofficial post office until about

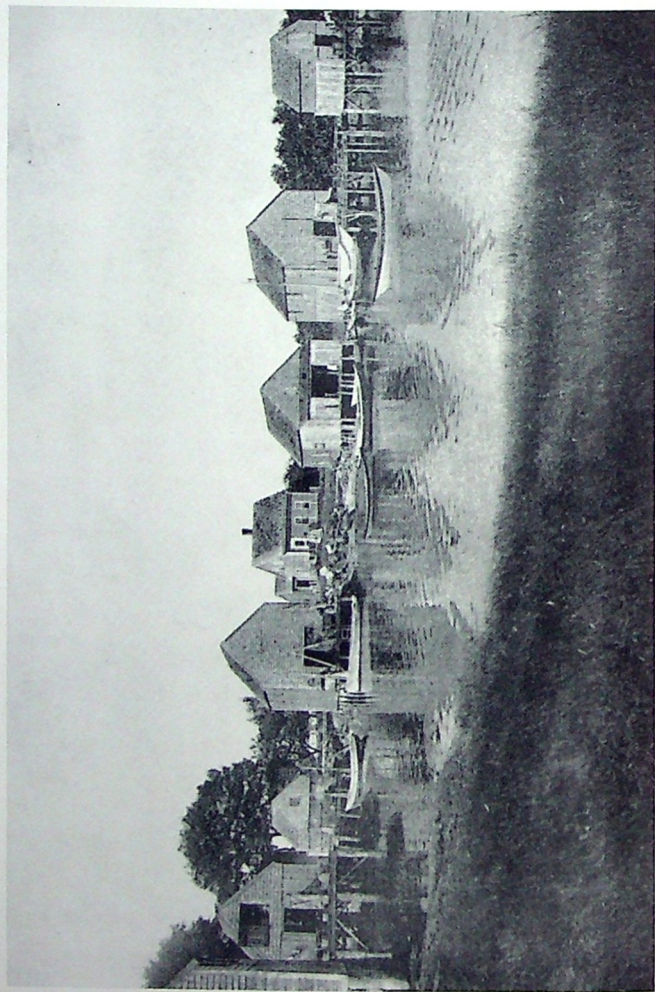




Blacksmith William G. Jennison and his shop about 1920



Old home of Thatcher Hutchins, now the residence, after being  
rebuilt, of R. L. Whitney



Fish houses, Langsford Road, 1920

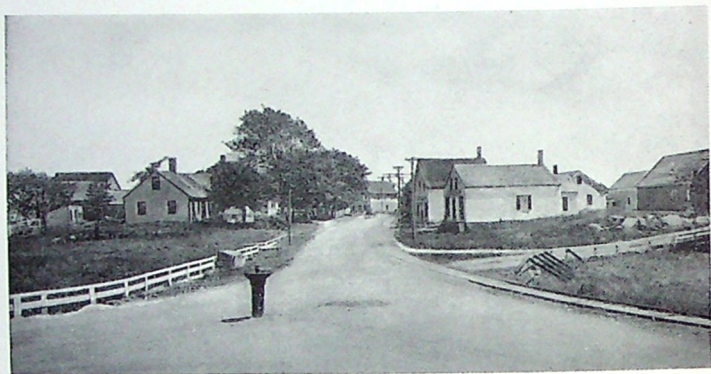




Casino trestle with trolley car around 1910



Gravestones of Rev. and Mrs. John Hovey, taken in 1955

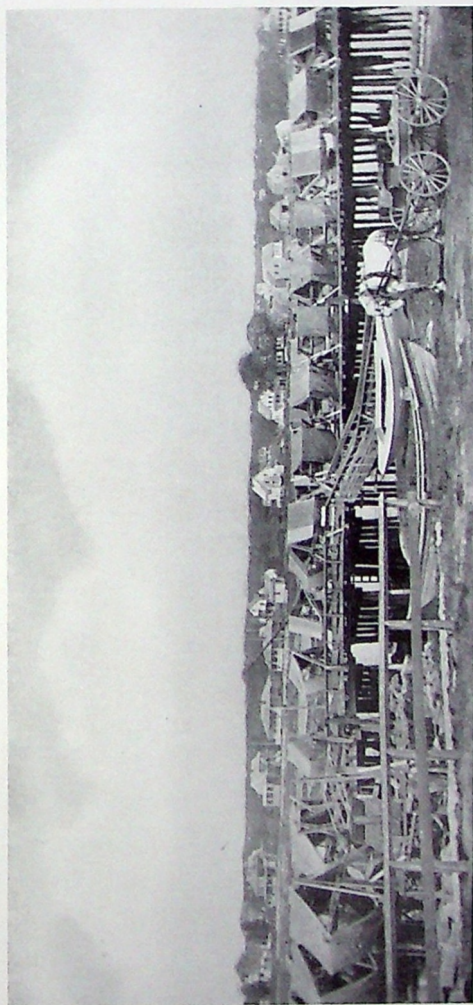


The Square just after water system was installed



Huff's shoe-making shop





Drying nets, 1918



The first Atlantic Hose Company



Schooner *Sadie M. Nunan*

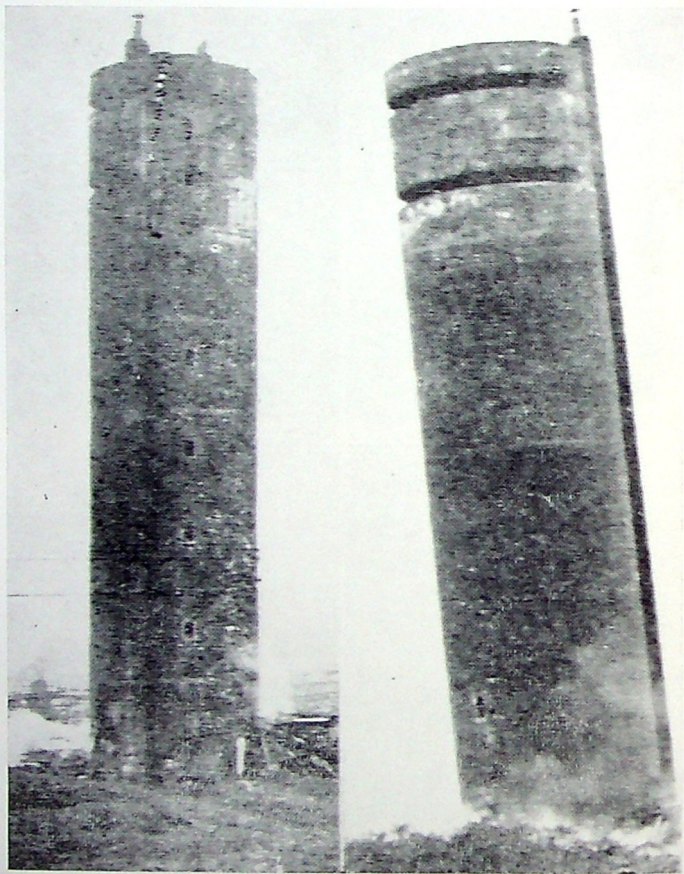




A picnic spot on Trott's Island



Goat Island Light, Cape Porpoise



A reminder of World War II was removed from the landscape with the destruction of the radar observation tower. Left, the structure is unmoved by a blast of dynamite; at right, it begins to topple after the seventh charge had been set off. 1949





Spotting Post, World War II



Cape Porpoise fisherman  
Charles Averill



Samuel Wildes store, lunch stand and lobster pound at the pier, 1955





Dredging of upper harbor, 1950



"Sadies" Swimming Lobsters, owned by Mr. and Mrs. George Goodrich, 1955



"Witch Pot Antiques," owned by Mr. and Mrs. George Pack, 1955





Arthur Welch's greenhouses rebuilt after 1947 fire

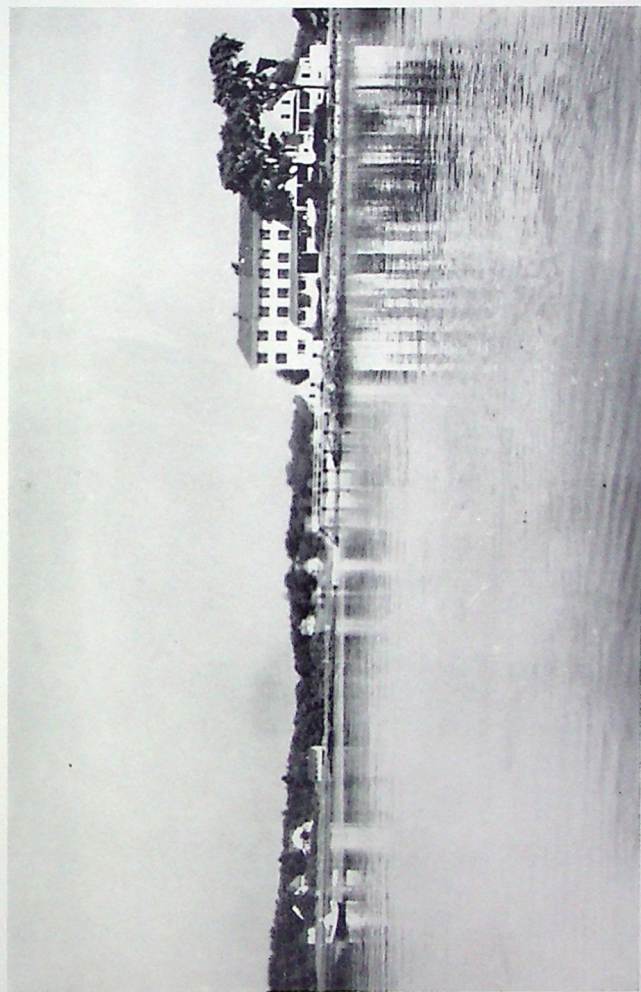


"Lobster Hut" Restaurant, owned by George Nunan, 1955

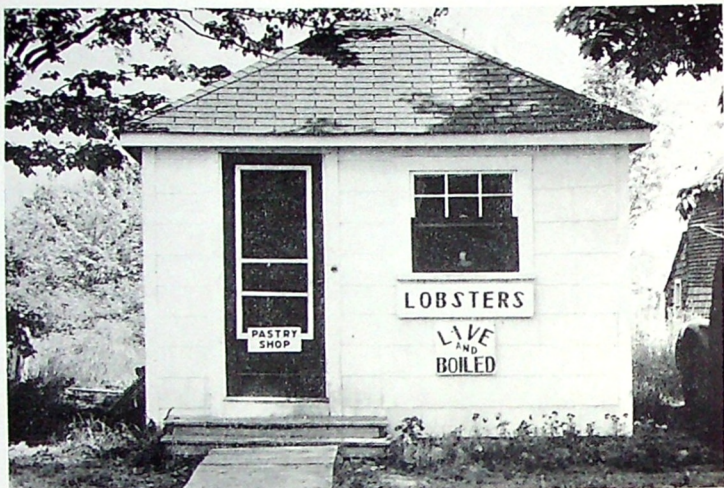


Bradbury Bros. store and lunch room, 1955





The Langsford House, 1955



Lobster and pastry shop, owned by  
Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Emmons, 1955



Radio and television shop, owned by Lee Hutchins, 1955





M. E. Church Parsonage, 1955



"The Captain's" Restaurant, owned by the Bilderbacks, 1955



The Sinnett House owned by Carl Deinstadt, 1955





Home of Mrs. Helen Ward Nunan, and store of Woodrow Landry



Cape Porpoise pier taken from Nigger Island about 1950

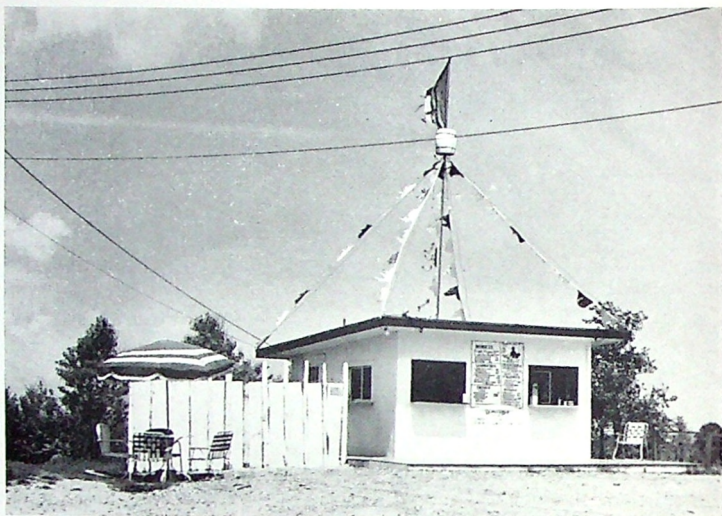


Last Cape Porpoise school, closed in 1955





Memorial Tablet near the pier, 1955



"Crow's Nest," Drive-in eating place atop Crow Hill, 1955

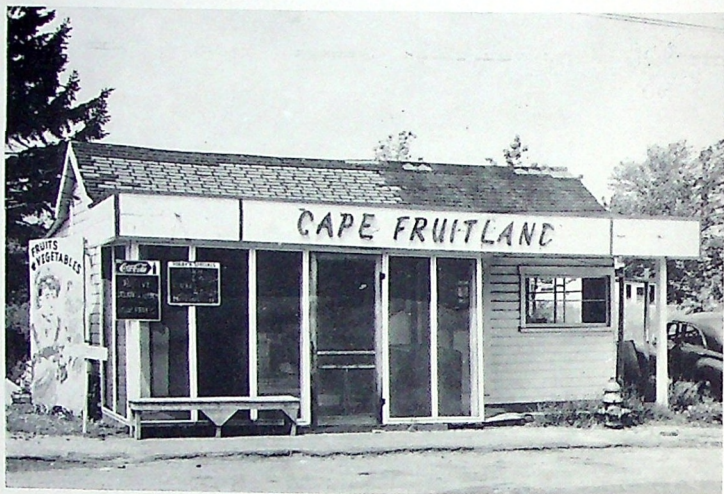


Key and lock shop of William Johnson, 1955





Cape Porpoise Post Office

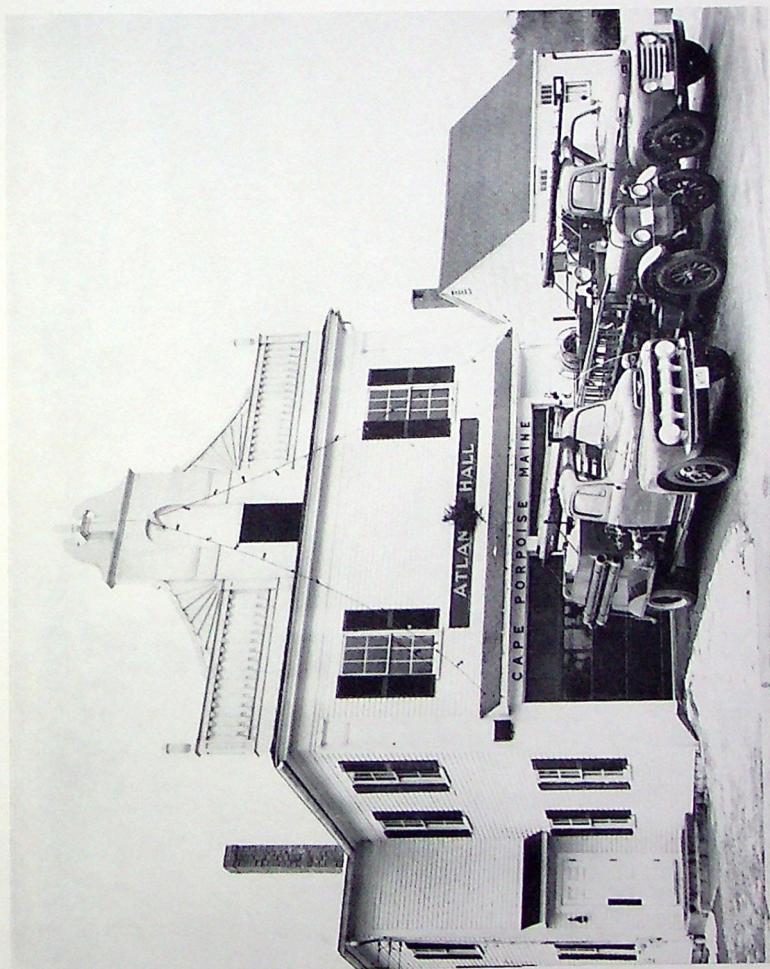


Bradbury's "Fruitland," 1955



"The Porpoise" Restaurant, about 1940





Cape Porpoise fire station and equipment, 1952



Corthell's store in Pinkham Hall building, 1955



Johnson's service station, 1955





Water tank erected 1954 atop Crow Hill, capacity 750,000 gallons



Fishing at the pier





In Memoriam:  
Captain Albert Fletcher, U. S. Merchant Marine, Lost  
in World War II

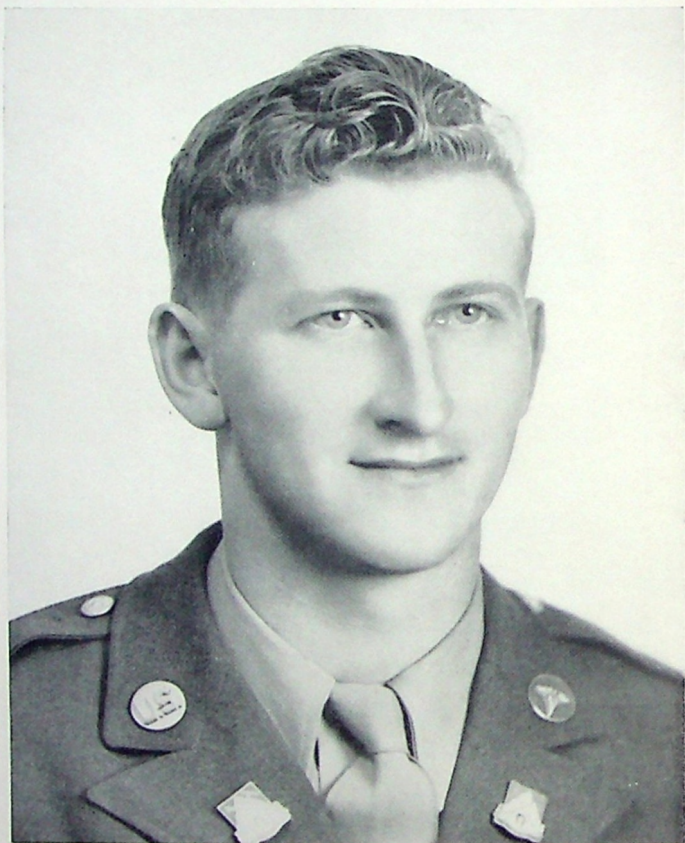


In Memoriam:  
1st Lt. Donald Huff, USAF, killed in World War II





In Memoriam:  
S. Sgt. Richard Simmons, USA, killed in World War II



In Memoriam:  
Pfc. Kenneth Perkins, USA, killed in World War II



1865. In that year Miss Melissa Rice received the official appointment as postmistress; but she kept the office in the same store until 1868, when she married and with her husband, George Pinkham, moved to California. In the following year Stephen Hutchins, the stonemason, became postmaster. He removed his shop, bought the Towne store buildings and moved it to the same site, where it housed the post office until 1884.

In the year of this removal Seth H. Pinkham, grandfather of the present Seth Pinkham, built a store across the street from the site of the Towne building, where it has stood ever since. For a dozen years or more Mr. Pinkham had been carrying on an extensive business in salt fish and ship supplies on Bickford's Island where the fishermen's wharf is now located, locally known as The Pier. He had bought the property from the widow of John Bickford in 1856, extended the wharf, built storage sheds, and erected fish flakes, or stages, on the western end of the island for drying the fish after they had been soaked in brine under the sheds. These fish, when "cured" were packed in bundles of 100 pounds weight and shipped to Gloucester or Boston in sailing vessels. Local fishermen furnished the initial supply.

Mr. Pinkham's home stood where the summer residence of Mrs. Charles L. Wentworth now stands. In the depression between this dwelling and the wharf, then much deeper than it is now so that it held a small pond, Mr. Pinkham cut some of the ice he needed for the summer months. From his store at the head of the Cove he could both cater to the village trade and supply the many vessels which entered the harbor in those days.

On the southeast corner of the village square in a building now used as a summer restaurant, *The Captain's*, Benjamin U. Huff kept a small store in the 1850's. The place has changed hands several times, and has been enlarged and remodeled; but it is one of the business landmarks of the community. A fourth store, until recently occupied by Mrs. Arthur W. Nunan, was built by Allison B. Huff in 1867. On the second floor of this building was Howard Hall, used for several years as a place for entertainments or other public gatherings, until it was changed into an apartment. In 1884 Mr. Huff was appointed postmaster, when, apparently, Stephen Hutchins resigned. Therefore

the post office was moved to his store. There was an advantage in this combination, since the post office brought some revenue and tended to increase the number of store customers.

This happy combination, however, did not last long. In March, 1885, Grover Cleveland was inaugurated as president of the United States. The long wait of twenty-four years was over, and good Democrats who had kept the faith throughout this long era of political drought, looked for their reward. Post offices were the legitimate spoils of victory; so Dana Cluff, having remained a loyal Democrat, received the one possible favor here and moved the post office into the building formerly occupied by Benjamin Huff, and belonging at that time to his son, Frank W. Huff.

For four years Mr. Cluff received and sent forth the mail; then the Republicans succeeded in placing Benjamin Harrison in the White House and again postal changes were the natural result. Luman E. Fletcher now became the postmaster. He moved the office back to the Allison Huff store, then to the Stephen Hutchins building, and finally, in 1893, to the building which he built that year, now occupied by Bradbury brothers. Originally, besides housing the post office, this building had a variety store and ice cream parlor on the first floor and a hall above. Very likely the increasing number of summer visitors had indicated the possibility of profit from such an enterprise. The post office helped the business, and the next Cleveland administration did not take it away.

Meantime, Mr. Cluff, realizing that he would undoubtedly be relieved of his duties as postmaster, opened a barbershop in which he was to keep the hirsute growth on the heads and faces of Cape citizens under control for many years, almost to the time of his death in 1940. His first shop was in the then new Pinkham building nearby, to which he moved in January, 1899. Later he built his own store next to this building, where, in addition to making his male neighbors look more presentable, he sold candy, tobacco, soft drinks, magazines, etc. He opened this store in 1905. Later he expanded his trade by adding hardware, painters' supplies, rubber boots, and oilskins. In the rear he set up a pool table which afforded pleasant entertainment for the many sailors whose ships put into this harbor for a brief



anchorage, or the local men who enjoyed the game. His store thus became a sort of community center for the male population of the village.

Mrs. Helen Ward Nunan has given a vivid glimpse of these gatherings and of the village life in her poem, "The Wayside Shrine."

He'd been a fisherman all his life  
For he lived beside the sea;  
On Old Orchard and the Perkins Ground  
Full many a fish caught he.  
A pipe and he were the best of friends;  
He'd tell you between the puffs  
That he wasn't content somehow till he'd spent  
A half hour up to Cluff's.

A little garden he always made;  
For a thrifty man was he;  
Pumpkins, peas, and potatoes, too,  
Were as fine as one could see;  
He never forgot to plant some corn  
He'd tell you between the puffs;  
But he wasn't content somehow till he'd spent  
A half hour up to Cluff's.

His buildings, too, were painted and neat,  
For a tidy man was he;  
He'd hate to see it neglected like,  
His cottage by the sea.  
He liked the ivy to run around,  
He'd tell you between the puffs;  
But he wasn't content somehow till he'd spent  
That half hour up to Cluff's.

He kept a cow and some hens, maybe,  
For the butter and eggs he'd need;  
And maybe, sometimes, a pig or two  
For the boys and girls to feed.  
"A slice of bacon don't go amiss,"  
He'd tell you between the puffs;  
But he wasn't content somehow till he'd spent  
That half hour up to Cluff's.

So up there at Cluff's they farmed and fished,  
And every man's catch they knew;  
Dug his potatoes and hoed his corn  
And counted his pumpkins, too.  
Somehow the fish wouldn't bite today  
They tell you between the puffs;  
But it surely was bliss they couldn't miss  
That half hour up to Cluff's.

Of engines they always talked and talked,  
How somehow they wouldn't spark.  
They cranked and cranked, and oiled and oiled  
Ofttimes till after dark.  
They couldn't see what the trouble was  
They'd tell you between the puffs;  
But they felt more content whenever they'd spent  
A half hour up to Cluff's.

Summer and winter the seasons go,  
Until each man's work is done;  
Till boats and engines annoy no more,  
And the well-earned rest is won.  
If Gabriel lets them his trumpet blow,  
Will they say between the puffs:  
"We are much more content than when we all spent  
That half hour up to Cluff's."

For several years after 1940 this building was occupied by the Fishermen's Club. In 1953 its membership and interest so decreased that it was dissolved. Home television became more alluring than the "Half hour up to Cluff's."

In the same year in which Mr. Cluff moved into his new store, Mrs. Nunan, then Helen Ward, took over the Frank Huff building and opened a dry goods shop. Her rental for the premises at that time was \$3.50 a month.

The building in which Mr. Cluff first opened his barbershop, and now occupied by a branch of the Nation Wide chain of grocery stores, was built in 1888 by Captain Silas G. Pinkham primarily for lumber storage; but he included a hall on the second floor to supply a public need for a meeting place after the discontinuance of Howard Hall.



It was for many years the scene of all sorts of gatherings: dances, donation parties, church fairs, political rallies (called by the diarists political lectures), various kinds of entertainment by local or imported talent, traveling musicians, sleight-of-hand performers, etc. On one occasion it was the setting for a wedding attended by many guests. It served for a time as a schoolroom to accommodate an overflow of the school population.

Captain Pinkham's home was the large, square house next to the present Pinkham property just at the bend of the road and looking down the harbor. It is one of the oldest houses in the village, built in 1801 by a Paul Pinkham and his uncle Silas. The captain of whom we are speaking was Paul's grandson, whose father, a former Captain Pinkham was lost at sea in 1843. It is said that his wife, mentally unbalanced by the tragedy, used to sit day after day by the window looking down the harbor, waiting for the return of the vessel and its master.

Captain Silas engaged in the coastal trade and in 1882 bought the *John M. Dix* at Kennebunk Port, had her thoroughly repaired, and rechristened her the *Clara and Mabel*. He used the schooner especially to bring lumber from Bangor, Maine, when that city was the lumber center of the state. He also carried on a general freight business from Bangor and Portland. Not infrequently passengers accompanied the cargoes. One report states that three ladies were on board; and when the Rev. Alvah Cook came to be the minister of the local church in 1883, he got his first view of the village from the deck of this vessel.

In June, 1887, Capt. Thomas Bell and Luman E. Fletcher bought the Allison Huff store; and two years later (April, 1889), they began construction of the livery stable which still stands on the east side of the Langsford Road. At that time neither the automobile nor the electric road had arrived; so there was demand for horse-drawn transportation. Buckboards were popular for picnic parties to attractive spots inland, such as Old Falls on the Mousam River, or the Saco Gorge in Buxton, a beauty spot now lost under the waters of the lake created by a great dam across the Saco River. Or the buckboard riders journeyed to other nearby resorts.

The partners now divided their business attention, Fletcher managing the stable and Captain Bell the store. After Mr. Fletcher built his own store, he leased the stable to Mr. P. H. Perry, who in more recent years has used the building for the parking and storage of automobiles. It was later sold to Capt. Frank Nunan, who continued the lease. It has recently been purchased from the Nunan heirs and repaired by Mr. Perry's grandson, Commander Emery Huff of the U. S. Navy.

The Captain Bell store was sold to Capt. Richard J. Nunan. He never personally engaged in the business of merchandizing; but the store has ever since carried the Nunan name. Its proprietor was Arthur W. Nunan, and after his death his widow continued the business until the winter of 1954-1955, when ill health compelled her retirement, and the village people sadly marked the passing of an institution.

One of the landmarks of the village square for the last forty years has also been the two-story store and apartment building of Mrs. Helen Ward Nunan, poet and chronicler for the Cape and its people for many years. Her first business venture has already been mentioned. While she was making a success of this project, she was looking wistfully across the way to the little store of Uncle Stephen Hutchins, which used to be the post office, but was then unused. She wanted to build a larger store, and that was the ideal location; but the inheritor would not sell. However, the inevitable happened in the course of time, and Miss Ward was patient. At length the owner died and the purchase became possible. In the year 1909 Miss Ward bought the place and built the present structure in 1912.

For over twenty-five years she ran the store very successfully; but it was an absorbing job, demanding six days of each week, fifty-two weeks of the year, and many evenings.

Meantime she had married Capt. Howard E. Nunan, who had given up the command of a fishing schooner, one of the famous Nunan fishing fleet, for a quieter life ashore. He took over the building in which his wife had commenced her business career, and opened a restaurant which he named *The Captain's*. It is still a popular summer eating place, now owned and run by Mrs. Edward L. Bilderback.

In July, 1939, Mrs. Nunan sold her stock and business to Ruth



Wakefield of Kennebunk, who continued it until November of 1942. In 1943 the store was taken over by Mr. and Mrs. Carl Deinstadt under the sign of *Carl and Lois*. In 1951, absorbed in the management of the Sinnett House, they sold the store business to Woodrow A. Landry. A new sign, *This 'n That Shop*, now invites customers. Meanwhile Mrs. Nunan has continued to live in her sunny apartment above, her interests as many and as keen, and her step as brisk as when she was an active and successful business woman.

Another enterprise with a varied history still holds an important place in the community; that is catering to the needs of summer guests. Among the thousands of vacationists who for many years have flocked to the Maine coast to enjoy its scenic beauty, its invigorating climate, and its recreational privileges, some naturally discovered the charm of the Cape; although, before 1884, when the Kennebunk Port branch of the Boston and Maine Railroad was built, they had an hour's ride in a horse-drawn vehicle to get here.

The earliest of these visitors to appear were accommodated at the Stone Haven, longer ago than the oldest inhabitant can remember. This boarding place was then just a large farmhouse standing on the hill which commands one of the finest panoramic views along the coast. The owner, Clement Stone, kept several cows which furnished milk, cream, and butter and possibly the cheese consumed by the household and guests. A flock of hens produced the necessary eggs with perhaps a little neighborly help, since by summer the fowls had probably passed the period of spring enthusiasm, and ways had not been discovered to make their interest and accomplishment continuous. Very likely, also, two or three pigs (present then on every farm and profiting from the table scraps of a large household) provided the ham, bacon, roasts, and salt pork which appeared on or contributed to the menu. There was then a broad area of field and pasture on the northeast side of the hill.

The site of this property was part of the section originally known as Montague's Point, or Neck, as previously noted. It was the place recommended by John Wheelwright for a garrison house in his survey of Cape Porpus in 1717. It was purchased by Thomas Perkins and Andrew Brown from John Watson and two other claimants, Perkins

taking the hill and Brown the island just below. Perkins' wife was Mary Wildes whose four brothers came from Topsfield, Massachusetts, to visit their sister and brother-in-law soon after their settlement here. They were so pleased with the place that they, too, settled in the neighborhood, and were the ancestors of the various Wildes families in this region. The dwelling of one of the brothers was just a few houses nearer the village, and was still owned by a descendant of the same name until it was burned in the great fire of 1947. Thomas Perkins' daughter married another Massachusetts immigrant, Israel Stone, and they inherited the property. It was their son, Clement, who was host to the first summer boarders.

Having discovered the place, it is not surprising that these visitors continued to come year after year and invite others to follow. Justin Leavitt, who was a shareholder in the hotel during the days of its great prosperity, used to tell how the new guests, arriving in the evening, when fog hung heavily over the harbor, would say, "Don't bother to take my trunks upstairs tonight; wait till morning," evidently considering the possibility of leaving the next day. But in the beauty of the next morning's sunny welcome and gorgeous scene they would enthusiastically unpack, have a wonderful vacation and return again and again.

This hotel remained in the possession of the same family for many years. After Clement Stone's death his widow married Silas Grant, who lived on the same road nearer the village, and they continued with summer guests. Then the two Stone sisters, daughters of Clement and "Kate" Stone, carried on until 1897, when the property was purchased by a syndicate of thirteen men from five states, among whom were Justin Leavitt and the Goodalls of Sanford.

In the early 1900's it was one of the most popular eating places in this region. The annex was added in 1905 and the rooms of both buildings were filled with guests. Probably the new electric railroad was partly responsible for its prosperity by bringing guests to its very doors. This same influence may have been responsible for over-expansion and decline, since railway and hotel patronage seemed to decrease together. Faulty management, however, may have had something to do with this decline. In 1921 or 1922 the hotel was closed



for good. From 1923 to 1930 the special dining room with four bedrooms and a bathroom on the second floor was occupied as a summer cottage. On the night of April 27, 1931, the building was destroyed by fire, only the annex being saved. That, also, has since been taken down. On the night of the fire Mr. Leavitt, who had been its director in the days of prosperity, also passed away. Change can sometimes be tragically unkind.

Influenced by the growing patronage on the hill, Miss Olivia White in the early 1880's bought the Seth Pinkham house on Bickford's Island and enlarged it for summer guests, naming the place *The Shiloh*. The Pinkham family moved to the Jedediah Towne home next to the old store lot. Soon afterward Miss White married and sold the hotel to Mr. and Mrs. John Bradley, who renamed it *The Waban*. In the fall of 1887 it was burned. The lot remained vacant until Mr. Leavitt built the present residence in 1904.

Nearly contemporary with *The Shiloh* was the Langsford House. In 1881 or 1882 Henry Lewis Langsford of Gloucester, Massachusetts, purchased the Clement Huff property, consisting of a dwelling, a large fish house and wharf, and a considerable acreage between the end of the highway and the back cove. This place had been owned and occupied by members of the Huff family for two hundred years. A Ferdinand Huff kept a public inn there in 1682 (it was near the old King's Highway); and the first garrison house in town after the resettlement in the early 1700's was probably the Huff Garrison.

Whether Mr. Langsford had intended to carry on the rather extensive salt fish business in which Mr. Huff had been engaged we do not know. Probably not, since in 1883 he built a small hotel to accommodate summer guests. The location was ideal for that purpose. This hostelry was soon enlarged and continued by his son, George, with an unbroken record of success.

After George Langsford's death the hotel was run for two or three seasons by Marshall Ryder of Lawrence, Massachusetts, who sold to the present owner, George Wood. Under the latter's ownership and management it has been still further expanded and modernized to be one of the most popular hotels of this region.

The Sinnett House is a similar hostelry nearer the village and on

the road to the Langsford House. It was originally built for a residence by two brothers, Edward S. and Robert C. Hutchins, in 1868. Later Robert became the sole owner and swapped houses with William Sinnett whose residence is now owned by Frederick F. Crowell. Mr. Sinnett planned to take summer boarders and considered this place more suitable than his former residence for this purpose. Thus it acquired its present name. Some years later he sold to Daniel Littlefield of Alfred, who continued it successfully for many years. After his death his wife continued for a year or two and then sold to William Clark in 1943. Two years later it was sold to Mrs. Lewis Deinstadt and her son, Carl Deinstadt, who is the present proprietor. Through these various stages of ownership the Sinnett House has kept its place as a popular summer hotel, catering to guests of modest means who love the Cape and enjoy spending their vacations here.

The last to enter this business field was Luther Emerson of Melrose, Massachusetts, who in 1905 bought the old Abner Huff place, located where the electric railroad used to enter the main street of the village. The house was one of the oldest in the community, built in the year 1800, or thereabouts, and occupied by various families until sold to Mr. Emerson. Undoubtedly the promised growth in summer business through the advent of the trolley line induced him to purchase the property and erect at the front of the old building a three-story structure, giving the hotel a thirty-room capacity. It was named *The Prospect House*; for it was then possible from that site to get a view of the harbor. A few years later, in 1910, for some unknown reason, perhaps because the patronage did not justify the name, Emerson sold out to J. W. Small of Saco. For the next two years business seemed to be profitable; but on the night of January 16, 1913, the buildings were entirely destroyed by fire. The only person in the building at the time was the brother of the owner, who barely escaped the flames. The lot has remained vacant.

Keeping pace with the tremendous increase of automobile travel in recent years and the resulting tourist trade, cabins, motels, and restaurants have been built in great numbers along the highways of New England, thus absorbing some portion of the business which used to go to the hotels. However, tourist travel has so greatly increased that



these new developments take care of the excess rather than subtract seriously from the normal hotel trade.

One of the first here at the Cape to cater to these roving appetites was Capt. Frank Nunan, who after commanding one of the fastest and most profitable of the Nunan fleet, left the sea and opened a gas station and supply depot at the Pier. Then he leased a building built for him by Mr. William H. Marland, who owned the land and a pier, and opened a restaurant which he named *The Porpoise*. It soon became widely and favorably known for its delicious sea food, and for its homemade cakes, doughnuts, and pies. Many will remember the lovely flower garden which Captain Nunan renewed each year on the knoll beside the restaurant and realize how quickly such beauty can fade when unattended. The restaurant, however, has continued under the management of Mr. Fred M. Clark and is open from May 15 to October 15.

Two guest houses offer desirable shelter to travelers: *Ye Old Garrison House*, owned by Mrs. Maurice F. Leach; and *Harbor View*, owned by Capt. and Mrs. Merton P. Hutchins, with which is connected an attractive group of double cabins. Another group of cabins was built along the Pier Road and on the shore of the Cove by E. V. Roberts, but have lately been sold to various owners. There are also the Redmond Cabins and the Nunan Lobster Hut on the Mills Road.

This seems to be the place for noting the development of another business enterprise which now occupies a conspicuous place in the village. We have already noted while telling of the changes in transportation that auto service here began in P. H. Perry's stable, but, went no farther than washing the vehicles. It was not until 1922 that cars became numerous enough here to suggest a real service station. In that year Emery Littlefield of Alfred bought the corner lot where the Texaco sign now appears and built one which stood nearer the street than the present station and looked more like a barn than an auto hospital and supply center. However, cars received proper treatment here for the times, and the business became established.

A few years later, however, Littlefield sold out to Ernest Wagner and moved back to Alfred. Wagner retained possession for only a short time and transferred the property to George Emmons and Earl

Stone, who planned not only to doctor ailing autos and supply their fuel, but to repair boat engines as well.

This partnership was also brief. Stone then became the sole owner and ran the business for several years until failing health compelled him to give it up. He sold to Arthur Redmond, who in 1948 transferred it to the present owner, James H. Johnson, a skilled machinist who had served in the Air Force during World War II.

On a March night in 1952 this building was completely destroyed by fire, but was soon replaced by a modern, fully equipped Texaco Service Station, where not only is the service excellent, but the building itself is an ornament to the Square.

Another filling station, which has existed for many years, is that of Samuel G. Wildes' Socony Station at the Pier. Originally installed by Capt. Frank Nunan, it was taken over after his death by Mr. Wildes, who also conducts a supply store for fishermen's needs, and keeps several rowboats for people who like to fish for cunners or visit the islands for picnics. Although outboard motors are rapidly replacing oars, a few folks still relish the exercise of pulling an oar.

The chief business of Cape Porpoise from early days until the present has come from the sea: fishing, lobstering, and the digging of clams. In recent years, however, the extensive flats uncovered by the outgoing tides have been exhausted with no reseeded yet in evidence. For this condition invading outsiders were responsible. While the digging was good, truckload after truckload of clams were dug and hauled away. In the long past, however, when they were dug locally by the basket instead of by the truckload, these flats furnished large quantities of the bivalves for food or bait. Anyone who needed a dollar and was willing to work hard for it, could dig its equivalent almost any day out of the sand or mud. Far removed from any possibility of contamination, they were luscious shellfish.

During the years of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and the first half of the nineteenth probably all fishing done here was with hand lines from small boats, or with overnight trawls set just offshore. Although through the years many coasting vessels put into this harbor for anchorage, or to take on or discharge cargoes, as late as 1742 the only craft of any significance owned in the community, according to



the Rev. John Hovey, the local minister at that date, was "Huff's old sloop," which made more or less frequent trips to other harbors to bring such supplies as the villagers needed but could not themselves furnish. Mrs. Nunan thus tells the story of this vessel in the following stanzas:

Down through the years in the State of Maine  
Many the ships that have left the ways;  
Full many that sailed the ocean o'er  
The joy and pride of those early days.

Many a vessel the Cape has owned  
Since seventeen hundred and forty-two;  
Many a vessel Maine built that year—  
Forty topsail craft the whole state through.

Forty top-sail vessels built that year,  
Here, maybe but one, or there a group;  
The Cape was sadly behind we read;  
For all that it owned was "Huff's Old Sloop."

From the Cape to Boston she often ran;  
But only that does history tell.  
No word of cargoes she took or brought,  
Naught of mishap which her befell.

We picture her as she sailed away  
With a parting word from those on shore;  
Her owner, James Huff, soon lost to view  
As the little ship the waves danced o'er.

"He lost her," is all the records give.  
What matters? The sloop had served her day;  
But he built two more her place to fill,  
One lost on Kittery Point, they say.

Few were the years and again we read  
Of ten sails riding at anchor here;  
Of launching of schooner and sloop as well;  
But "Huff's Old Sloop" sailed alone that year.

As already noted, some vessels were built in this harbor in the second half of the eighteenth century; but after the Revolution ship-building in this region all centered on the Kennebunk River. Here is

a list of boats built on the River and owned here after 1800. It evidently does not include all the locally owned craft.

	<i>Name</i>	<i>Tonnage</i>	<i>Master</i>	<i>Owner</i>
1810	<i>Federal Jack</i> Sch.	86	J. L. Storer	Thomas Perkins 3rd.
1813	<i>Amon</i> Sloop	29	Dimon Wakefield	John Bickford
1814	<i>Otho</i> Sch.	44	Josiah Huff	John Bickford
1816	<i>Penrod</i> Sch.	42	Josiah Huff	John Bickford
1822	<i>Angler</i> Sch.	37	William Smith	Eunice Perkins
1836	<i>Amenda</i> Sch.	20	Edward Smith	Edward Smith
1836	<i>Eliza Ann</i> Sch.	77	Edward Smith	Simon N. Perkins
1861	<i>Nancy Gilbert</i>	9	William R. Perry	William R. Perry

Two boats owned and active here between 1854 and 1859 were the schooner *Enterprise* of which George Wakefield was the skipper and perhaps owner, and the "boat" *Ann Lora*, commanded by Benjamin Wakefield in 1858 and by George Wakefield in 1859. The "Journals" of these boats still exist and make interesting reading. The season of 1854 was apparently a hard one. The journal of the *Enterprise* records many days on which no fish were caught, explained by the sentence "cant git eny bate." Evidently the fishermen depended on netting enough small fish to meet this supply. There were five men aboard the *Enterprise*, and a record was kept of the number of fish each man caught. Fifty was the largest number anyone caught in one day, and 212 the largest day's haul for the crew of five. The lowest day's record was one fish for the crew.

The season of 1859 with the boat *Ann Lora* was much more successful with 396 the top record for one man's catch, and many days with a high score. This boat carried only three men instead of five. The fishing season, according to the journals, extended from early April to late October or early November.

In the year 1862 Richard J. Nunan came here from Provincetown, Massachusetts, as skipper and owner of the *Hattie Allen*. He later married a Cape girl and became the leader in creating the famous Nunan fleet of fishing craft. Contemporary with him were Payson Huff, owner and captain of the schooner *Rescue*, 16 tons, and a smaller craft of 9 tons, belonging to Benjamin Wakefield. (This may have



been the *Ann Lora*, whose command he shared with George Wakefield.)

The following is the list of boats built at Kennebunk or Kennebunkport and owned here between 1875 and 1882.

<i>Name</i>	<i>Tonnage</i>	<i>Master</i>	<i>Owner</i>
<i>Fanny T. Sch.</i>	7	John Tanner	John Tanner
<i>Urania S. Sch.</i>	24	John B. Fletcher	D. C. Hutchins
<i>Helen F. Ward Sch.</i>	9	George Ward	George Ward
<i>S. H. Pinkham Sch.</i>	20	A. J. Leach	S. H. Pinkham
<i>Lydia Grant Sch.</i>	25	Silas P. Grant	Silas P. Grant
<i>Poor Jim Sch.</i>	8	James Quinney	James Quinney
<i>Clara and Mabel Sch.</i>	35	S. G. Pinkham	S. G. Pinkham

The *Clara and Mabel* was not a fisherman but a freight and passenger boat elsewhere described. The smaller craft fished offshore or on Jeffrey's Ledge and marketed their catches chiefly in Portland. Even those who sailed to the Georges Banks in the warmer months found their outlet at the same port.

The work on the schooners in those days was hard and seldom comfortable, the food was monotonous, and danger was ever present. There were, of course, no weather broadcasts, and the avoidance of heavy gales or bad storms depended on the master's barometer, experience, and judgment. Moreover, all the vessels were sailing craft dependent on the wind to take them to harbor. At the same time the work was exhilarating, the crewmen and the captain were generally neighbors, and the division of income well understood and honest.

An old sailor of long experience, who in his youth had been a cook on one of these vessels, had this to say about the food:

"For breakfast we ate fish and potatoes, and for supper hash. The dinner was of fresh fish, with peas or beans on the side, and perhaps some boiled rice for dessert. If the sea was rough, culinary efforts were confined to skillet cooking. We used a great deal of hardtack for bread; and it was often very hard and had to be soaked in the coffee before eating. There was always plenty of coffee, often taken on raw and roasted as well as ground in the galley. We carried some butter, but neither milk nor cream, since we could not keep them fresh, and

no form of canned milk existed. For the same reason in those earlier days meat was almost never present, except at the beginning of the trip: that is, unsalted meat. A favorite dish with many a crew was a kind of flour pudding called 'duff.' It was served with a sauce resulting from a lucky blend of molasses, butter, and a little vinegar."

A day's work in this fishing business seventy-five years ago was something to make a modern laborer shake in his shoes, strike, or quit altogether. It was said that Thomas Chen of this village set a record by baiting four tubs of trawl line after having dug and shucked the necessary clams. He acknowledged that he was "pretty tired" at the end of the day.

The number of vessels hailing from the Cape constantly increased during the 1880's and 1890's, and reached its peak in the early 1900's. By 1904 the community could boast of a fleet of nine schooners worth from \$2500 to \$11,000 each, and with a total valuation of \$70,000; and a dollar then represented more than twice the value it has today. Of course these figures refer to the "Banks" fishermen. There were also many small boats which fished off shore with hand lines or trawls. That year (1904) likewise saw the installation of auxiliary power. Capt. Merton P. Hutchins, convinced of the greater efficiency possible by combining engine and sails, had the auxiliary schooner, *Olive F. Hutchins*, built in Kennebunk Port. The sceptics were numerous among those who watched him sail on the schooner's maiden trip. "She won't last long," they said. But the speed with which she reached the fishing grounds and delivered her catch in Gloucester, while a sailing schooner, starting at the same time from the same harbor, was caught by a storm and lost her gear, convinced the doubters that Captain Hutchins was right: auxiliary power was the answer for the future. Other fishermen were soon following his example. For a long time now, of course, no fishing craft of any importance relies on wind to reach her objectives. Even a rowboat is rare, the outboard motor having replaced oars. The invention and development of the gasoline engine made these changes possible; but some forward-looking fisherman had to initiate the change.

The majority of the vessels sailing from this harbor during the period we have just covered belonged to the Nunan fleet, built up



through the energy, the initiative, the skill of Capt. Richard J. Nunan in co-operation with his brothers, Elisha and Charles, his sons, George and Frank, and his nephew, Howard. In 1864 he had married Caroline Hutchins, daughter of an old Cape family, and established his home here. He and Mrs. Nunan lived to celebrate their fiftieth wedding anniversary on December 14, 1914.

In his younger days Captain Nunan was a very hard worker, an explanation of his later success. The story was told that one morning, when he came in from an all-night fishing trip, he was so exhausted that he dropped down in the stern of his dory after he had tied up at the wharf, and went sound asleep. In cold weather he suffered greatly from chapped hands, and as he fell asleep he evidently had been holding them away from his clothing so as to irritate them as little as possible. When his fiancée, who had come to meet him, saw his condition, she got some mutton tallow, then the popular remedy for such sore hands, and rubbed them thoroughly with this primitive lotion. He stayed asleep through the whole process.

They had four children, Frank A., Lester W., George, and Kate A. Nunan, the first of whom lived until February, 1945, widely known and greatly respected. (We have already mentioned his establishment of *The Porpoise*, the restaurant at the Pier.) After retiring from the sea he was the village postmaster, as well as being engaged in a variety of business enterprises.

During his long career as master, Capt. Richard Nunan commanded or owned in the following vessels, which made up the "Nunan Fleet": the *Carrie Nunan*, the *Major Anderson*, the *Little Kate*, the *Helen Tredick*, the *Thomas Knight*, the *Dorcas*, the *Eddie Weeks*, the *Estelle Nunan* (belonging chiefly to his brother Elisha), the *Sylvia Nunan*, the *Sadie Nunan*, the *Richard Nunan*, the *Elizabeth Nunan*, and the *Mildred Nunan*. His sons, Frank and George, and his nephew Howard commanded some of these. It is said that Captain Richard in all his long career at sea never lost a man. Capt. Merton Hutchins holds the same proud record. Of course, all these boats, though registered here, marketed most of their fish in Gloucester or Boston.

In addition to the vessels listed above should also be included the schooner *Webster*, owned by Capt. Payson T. Huff; the *Cora Green-*

wood owned by Allison B. Huff; and the *Snowball*, belonging to Daniel Hutchins. Besides the *Olive F. Hutchins*, Capt. Merton Hutchins commanded the *Flavilla*, the *Charles W. Parker*, the *John M. Dean*, and the *Angeline* owned by Capt. Lester Nunan, youngest son of Capt. Richard Nunan. Since his home was for a number of years in Waltham, Massachusetts, he renamed the *Olive F. Hutchins*, *The Waltham*. Then, responding again to the call of modernism, he sold this vessel and bought a beam trawler, *The Waltham II*, which was eventually lost in a storm. Even at eighty-one Captain Hutchins cannot leave the sea, but goes regularly in his thirty-foot power boat to haul his line of lobster traps offshore.

No one who has driven along the shore of Gloucester harbor in Massachusetts has failed to notice one of the most famous memorials in New England, the statue of the Gloucester Fisherman. It is therefore interesting to record here that the fisherman who gave the sculptor his model and his inspiration was Capt. Herbert Thompson of this village at the wheel of his schooner in a northeast gale.

With the rapid development of power-driven craft the beam trawler, or dragger, replaced the schooner of earlier days. Capt. Frank Nunan often expressed his strong opposition to this type of fishing craft; for its nets sweep the bottom of the fishing grounds taking everything in their path. They tend to ruin trawling for local fishermen. But they are faster in operation and therefore more immediately profitable to owners, captains, and crews, though probably detrimental to the source of supply. Besides, a strong point in their favor, the work is easier and less dangerous for the men than hauling trawls from dories, so that it became more and more difficult to man the old type of schooner. The Cape fleet, therefore, gradually ceased operations, and the vessels which survived shipwreck (several were lost along these rugged shores) were sold.

On February 5, 1953 the *Richard J. Nunan*, built in 1904, the heyday of the fishing schooner, and named for the founder of the fleet, sank off the Isles of Shoals while being taken to Gloucester for possible repairs. Her planking had finally become so rotten that it could not keep out the sea. Her crew of two escaped in their dory and rowed



to the Isles of Shoals where they were sheltered until they could get transportation to Portsmouth.

The most historic of the fleet, however, was the *Sadie M. Nunan*, named for the little daughter of the skipper and owner, Captain Frank. She was built in 1902, evidently of much sounder material than the *Richard J.*, a very trim craft and a fast sailor. She also proved to be a lucky ship as far as profits were concerned. In 1908 her owner gave up his command in favor of a newer vessel, the *Elizabeth Nunan*, named for another daughter. For the next ten years the *Sadie M.* was commanded by several skippers, one a nephew of the owner. In 1918 she was sold to a Captain Bickford, who owned her for three years. In 1921 Philip Banton bought the schooner and changed her registry to Boston. Captained by a series of Italian seamen, she continued her fishing career until 1938, when a young citizen of Argentina bought her and gave her the new name of *Expedition*, since he planned to take her on a round-the-world cruise. However, for some reason he abandoned his plan and left the vessel tied up at a Gloucester wharf. For fourteen years she lay there waiting, an idle ship which had once been so active and successful.

In 1952 a proposal was made that she be purchased and made a museum for mementos of the days when the sailing fleets raced their cargoes from the Grand Banks or the Georges to the markets in Gloucester or Boston. But, alas, an examination of her timbers showed that she had been idle too long and could not be restored. She had survived many a rough sea, but could not defy old age.

As already indicated, the halcyon days of the Nunan fleet and its companions were in the early 1900's, when there were sometimes five or six in the harbor at once, ready to set sail for the "Banks" or just returning from the delivery of their cargoes. As their numbers declined, the business of outfitting them grew less, naturally somewhat affecting the prosperity of the Cape, or at least altering its business. For a while the schooners were replaced in some degree by fast-sailing sloops, cheaper to own and easier to handle. They fished along the coast and marketed their product either in Kennebunkport or Portland. During this period a new type of fishing known as gill netting

was introduced, in which Mr. Hartley Huff is said to have been a pioneer.

Meantime the demand for lobsters was increasing and the price was rising. No longer were they being packed in barrels and shipped to New York or Boston and a very uncertain market. It was not many years ago that two fishermen here sent seventy-eight barrels of lobsters in March to the New York outlet and received for their efforts \$60.00 each, or about \$1.50 a barrel. Occasionally the only return was a few postage stamps.

Power boats, however, have in recent years greatly extended the areas of operation and the ease and speed with which the traps can be handled. Moreover, marketing has become swift; the excess over the large local demand is shipped, not in iced barrels by railway express, but over road in especially made trucks to markets in Massachusetts and beyond. The lobster boats now number about sixty, and probably with their gear and several trucks represent a greater capital investment than the earlier fishing fleet, and a larger total income. Some of these lobstermen vary their activities in early summer by the netting of mackerel with sometimes large profits for a night's labor. And again in the late summer or fall months the seiners gather a rich harvest. Altogether the fishing industry here and at neighboring Turbat's Creek does a gross business of about \$1,000,000 a year. Thus have modern conditions completely transformed an ancient occupation.

It may be interesting in passing to mention another contrast which illustrates the difference between past and present. In reading a diary which tells of life here in the 1880's, one finds that some of the fishermen set their lobster traps only in the late fall and in the winter, when, presumably offshore fishing was more hazardous. And, of course, when refrigeration was wholly dependent on ice, it was less dangerous to ship in the winter, since there was less likelihood of having the cargo spoil. Also, the market would be better. The traps were first set in November and taken up in April. They had to be put out and hauled from dories without benefit of machinery, and probably most of them were in the harbor. Oars furnished the power for moving the boats. When one reads that on a day when traps were hauled the



thermometer registered ten degrees below zero in the morning, he realizes that getting a living was no easy task, even though the crustaceans were more plentiful than they are now.

Probably no more striking evidence exists of the change from past to present than the scene one may witness at the Pier on calm mornings at almost any season of the year. The area is filled with parked cars, augmented during the warm months with big trailer trucks come to haul away the cargoes of the fishing craft which dock there. As one fisherman humorously remarked, "When you go fishing you *must* have a car, and you *should* have a boat!"

It may be interesting here to compare the old and the new in lobster fishing by describing a fully equipped boat of the present day, keeping in mind what has already been told of the occupation seventy years ago.

This modern boat will be a trim, cabined craft 30 or 35 feet long, powered by a high-powered automobile engine, with gears adjusted to marine conditions, or perhaps by a more costly Diesel, if profits warrant the greater expense. The cabin will be heated for comfort on cold days. The former, back-breaking task of hauling the traps will be done by power. An electronic device will keep the skipper informed as to the depth of the ocean floors, desirable as the traps are set in deeper water farther offshore. A radio telephone will afford instant communication with land in case of need.

Thus equipped, the fisherman can set his traps in deep water several miles out and keep from 150 or 200 of them in service at the same time. Of course it is still a financially hazardous occupation, since a severe storm may destroy several hundred dollars' worth of gear; but investment is heavy and profits may be correspondingly large.

Perhaps this account of the Cape's leading industry should close with the amusing incident in which one of the best known fishermen was the principal actor. On a summer visit to the fish wharves in Boston he had the opportunity to pick up a load of lobster bait at an attractive price. He put the load in the trunk of his car to bring home. However, he had to stay over night in one of the suburbs of the city, a night which turned out to be very warm.

When he opened the door of his car in the morning, the odor which

assailed his nostrils was quite overpowering, such that he had to leave the doors open for a time to let the strength of the smell moderate somewhat before he undertook to drive home. As it was summer, and he could leave all the windows open the situation was endurable, though not very pleasant.

On the way a tramp, or at least a foot traveler, signaled for a ride. The fisherman took him in. They hadn't gone far, however, before the passenger remarked on the strong odor and made inquiries. Whereupon the driver, who could keep a completely poker face, said, "A man died where I stayed last night, and I'm taking him to Maine. His body is in the trunk of the car."

The rider turned a bit pale and said that perhaps he would continue no farther. So, without further explanation, the driver allowed his passenger to get out, and drove on to deposit his freight on his wharf with just the right aroma to satisfy the most fastidious lobster on the coast.

## Entertainment

And what were the social activities of this somewhat isolated fishing village one hundred years, more or less, ago: in the 1860's, or 1870's, or 1880's, or 1890's, sometimes described as "gay"? In those decades there were present none of the familiar means of entertainment common in almost every community today: no movies, no autos, no radios, no TV, no electric current to light the streets, or banish darkness suddenly from church or hall, or furnish power for work-saving gadgets common in almost every household. Perhaps the people who lived in those days were in a measure fortunate; they had to furnish much of their entertainment by their own effort and got a lot of pleasure out of the activity itself.

For those who liked music there was the singing school, which, according to the diarists, met quite frequently during the 1870's and 1880's in home or hall. Many found relaxation as well as inspiration in the church, at which attendance was almost universal. As one old resident put it, "We kept the roads open after snowstorms so the people could go to church." It was the social as well as the religious cen-



ter of the community, where neighbors met and exchanged general information. One diarist for years, Sunday after Sunday, recorded the texts of the ministers' sermons; that is, the book, chapter, and verse in the Bible which furnished the theme of his discourse. As to whether the result was good, bad, or indifferent, never a word; so we have to suppose that all the sermons were satisfactory. Since there were fine men among the many clergymen who served this parish through the years, perhaps that is a very fair assumption. In the winters these Sunday gatherings were often held in some village home, so much easier to be made comfortable than the church.

Then there were donation parties, or "pound parties," representing the charitable co-operation of the villagers; often for the benefit of the minister, whose financial stipend was necessarily modest. By sharing their goods the parishioners contributed to his needed household supplies, and felt a wholesome satisfaction in doing so. Sometimes they contributed in the same way to a needy household, afflicted by accident, illness, or death. No one in the village was wealthy; but no one was allowed to suffer for lack of neighborly concern. From the early 1880's, once or twice a year, there was a church fair to increase the money income of the parish, held under the direction and through the efforts of the women of the Ladies' Circle, later the Ladies' Aide, and now the Women's Guild. Since these affairs were usually held during the summer months, they naturally profited by the presence of the visitors. Quilting parties added to the sociability of the earlier efforts, as sewing groups do at the present time, when quilts have ceased to function as familiar household necessities. In those earlier days one man, at least, whose age had turned him from his usual employment, did valiant work in cutting patchwork squares.

Two lodges with a considerable membership met regularly—the Good Templars and the American Mechanics, previously mentioned in connection with Pinkham Hall. Neighborhood dances brought both young and middle-aged together for an occasional gay evening, with here and there an older couple who risked a whirl or two, or joined in a square dance. Whether there was any religious objection to these, as in some rural communities, does not appear. They are mentioned more frequently after 1880 than before that date.

In summer there were picnics, especially for the Sunday School children, who, when asked where they wanted to go, always answered, "Up under Uncle William's Oak." This place has been perfectly described by Mrs. Nunan in the following poem.

Now but a stump remains to tell  
Where stood the strong, wide-spreading oak.  
Yet round this spot has hung a spell  
Since forest soil the sapling broke.

A spell in all the years gone by  
For those who saw and felt its charms;  
For hopes would rise and languor die  
Beneath the Oak's protecting arms.

Not far away the Deacon's Well  
Where ghosts were said to haunt the night,  
And oft repeated tales they'd tell  
Of awesome figures dressed in white.

Oft from above, so sweet and clear,  
The sparrow through his busy day  
Sang songs the burdened heart to cheer,  
While love and trust illum'd the way.

And when the glorious Fourth drew near,  
'Twas thus the village fathers spoke:  
"Where shall the picnic be this year?"  
"Up under Uncle William's Oak!"

Here young and old together met  
And revelled in the welcome shade.  
Like nectar of the gods e'en yet  
The aged taste that lemonade.

The nearest to a human thing  
This oak we watched and loved for years;  
And any change that Time may bring  
Only to us the more endears.

But woodsmen mark its girth and height,  
And quickly strike the fatal blow.  
Then, like a giant shorn of strength,  
The monarch of the fields lay low.



The stump remains, a useless thing;  
Alas, that by that cruel stroke  
The future days no joys may bring  
Up under Uncle William's Oak!

No doubt with all this beautiful and varied water front, its islands, coves, and inlets, there must have been many a sailing and fishing trip; boys must have built their "camps" on the islands, or kicked through the eelgrass at low tide to pick up lobsters for a luscious meal. (There used to be large areas of this tall grass in the harbor.) However, no diaries or other records make mention of such activities. Perhaps all activities on the water were so early concerned with the serious job of getting a living that they were not regarded as a source of pleasure to the native inhabitants; and certainly young men and maidens in scanty clothing did not disport themselves on beaches or in boats with the comfortable companionship of the present day.

Coasting in the winter months was, of course, much more common than it is now, and more people enjoyed it, although this locality lacked the high hills available farther inland. The snow was not cleared from the highways then, except for the drifts of heavy storms, but was allowed to accumulate for vehicles with runners. A quick trip down a hill on a bobsled with a half dozen or more boys and girls was one of the most enjoyable of winter pleasures, and one of the fastest rides then possible. The favorite slide was, naturally, from the top of Crow Hill through the Square to the head of the Cove.

Undoubtedly, also, there were many small groups who spent pleasant evenings in the various homes, with candy pulls and parlor games which were common sixty or seventy years ago. Many a romance began in such an environment. There was probably many a church social which brought young and old together for good food and pleasant hours.

We have to remember, also, that there was less time for pleasure in those earlier days. The hours of labor were longer. People retired earlier in the evening and rose earlier in the morning than is necessary or customary nowadays, except, possibly for the lobstermen who use the calm seas of the early morning for pulling their traps. Bright lights did not turn darkness into daylight inside buildings and so invite

later hours. One could not ride long distances as we do now in comfort, even in cold or stormy weather, with the highway clearly lighted before him. Indeed, it is difficult to realize how recently these changes have come.

It was fun to ride behind a good horse in a carriage, or in a sleigh with warm robes tucked in and the bells jingling merrily; but the progress would seem very slow to a modern rider; and one could not start on a journey simply by turning a key and pushing a button; or stop for as long as one wished by merely turning off the ignition and setting a brake. A horse needed considerable attention. Invention has transformed the ways of relaxation as well as other customs, and even labor. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new": but in doing so leaves out some customs and activities which for the older generation have nostalgic memories.

One form of recreation, which was indulged in rather surreptitiously to relieve the tedium of the dull months, was an occasional gathering in the cellar of the barn on the property now belonging to Woodrow Landry to watch some pairs of roosters engage in an elimination contest, with probable betting on the winner. There is no record of raids or arrests in these evening sessions, lighted by the dim light of lanterns; but they did not meet with universal approval, nor does their popularity seem to have lasted long. Probably general community sentiment, a powerful influence in its affairs, was sufficiently strong to discourage this rather cruel sport, without calling on the constables to exercise their police authority.

## Education

For the first one hundred and fifty years of its existence the inhabitants of Cape Porpoise, as we have seen, showed small interest in public education. Whether illiteracy was general among the people we have no means of knowing. The incentives to knowing how to read and write were certainly not compelling, since there was little to read and there were few opportunities or occasions to send or receive letters. The ability to read or write or make the usual calculations of



arithmetic was largely a family affair, or a matter of personal ambition. Nobody was obliged to go to school, and the school of that period offered little to attract children or encourage them to learn. The fact remains, however, that records were kept, the Bible was read by others than the minister, and messages were sent in written form. Undoubtedly in families where such abilities existed, the children acquired them. However, in a period when all work was done by hand tools with the aid of draft animals, one did not need to be able to read in order to be an efficient member of the community. Inability to read or write was not necessarily a source of embarrassment, so why bother? It is significant that many of the deeds transferring real estate in the early days were signed by marks instead of signatures.

However, the attitude toward schools gradually changed during and after the Revolution, and their need became more apparent. Perhaps "Old Master Thompson," during his long service as a teacher, exerted a strong influence on the community. Besides, there was a gradual evolution in public opinion which changed the attitude toward illiteracy from indifference to embarrassment or shame.

Eventually other schoolhouses were built in the town besides the original structure at Burbank's Hill. When the first one was built at the Cape we do not know. The town records which might have given the information were burned many years ago; and no personal records have been found earlier than 1860. The event must have occurred during the first half of the nineteenth century, possibly as early as 1825. In the town reports of the first twenty years (1800 to 1820) the article in the warrant for each town meeting reads "For the support of schools, \$800." There is no evidence as to where the schools were located or how many buildings existed.

At some date between 1820 and 1860 the town was divided into school districts each of which was an almost independent unit, except for an occasional visit by a member or members of a general School Committee. Each district had its school agent whose duty it was to see that the schoolhouse was kept in repair, provided with wood to heat it, a water pail and a dipper, and a hand bell to summon pupils from play to study. He may or may not have hired the teacher;

town customs differed in that regard. He did draw from the town treasurer the money with which to pay the teachers and other costs. During the 1870's and 1880's Mr. John E. Seavey and Mr. William Perry were the school agents here, not, of course, at the same time.

The first schoolhouse was located on the south side of the road at the top of Crow Hill. It was a one-story building with a single entrance and windows set high in the wall to prevent the wandering, wistful gaze of some pupil from concentrating on interesting features of the outside world. Light was admitted through small 7 x 9 panes of glass, and the outside color of the building is said to have been the traditional red. Inside was a big wood-burning box stove to heat the room in cold weather, unevenly, no doubt. The desks and seats were probably made by the carpenters who erected the building. At times, to separate the lower from the higher grades, a curtain was hung across the room, which may have shut out sights but not sounds, yet allowed two teachers to operate at the same time. The town, of course, furnished no books or writing materials. Such supplies were the responsibility of the parents or interested neighbors. Conspicuous beside the building was a high flag pole, at the top of which was an emblem of bright metal, used as a land mark by seamen and the U. S. Coast Survey.

In 1870 this building was still in use, and in that year the schoolroom was not divided. The teacher turnover, however, at this date was extreme. Three different women were employed for the spring and fall terms; and there was no winter session. The report of the school committee for this year contained a plea to the people for better school facilities. As was pointed out before, each district was largely responsible for its school.

This appeal may have had its effect, or the community was ready for a change; for in 1872 a new two-story building was erected on the site of the old church, across the street from the present Fire Station, a lot which had been occupied for many years by the home of Daniel Grant, father of three well-known shipmasters of the village. The house was removed to make room for the new structure, thus more conveniently located than the former building on the hill.

The old schoolhouse was purchased by Mr. Allison B. Huff and



moved to the shore of the Cove to be used for some years as a fish house. Eventually it came back to the Langsford Road to be incorporated into the double, or duplex residence next to Mr. Perry's garage: an interesting metamorphosis, from schoolhouse to fish house to dwelling—a sample of the moving about done by several buildings in the village.

On December 1, 1892 this newer school building was burned, but was immediately replaced as quickly as materials could be brought together and workmen hired to duplicate it. In 1919 the Nunan School was built to accommodate primary pupils. In 1948 this school was closed and the building sold to be remodeled for a private residence. The pupils who would have attended this school were transferred to the building on the Mills Road. This was erected in 1925, when the two-story schoolhouse was given up because of the lack of playground space, the growing traffic hazard, and the unsatisfactory second story. The abandoned building was purchased by Capt. Frank Nunan and taken down for its lumber. The lot where it stood has remained unoccupied and unused except for Fourth of July bonfires. It is gradually developing into a small park or beauty spot for the adornment of the Square.

According to the report of the School Committee of 1870 there was also a schoolhouse at that time in the Wildes District. It was located just west of the present Fire Station, a small one-room building which now serves as a garage for the residence across the street. An old resident who died in 1953 at the age of eighty-five remembered going to school there, but did not know when the building was erected. Judging by its position in the list of districts (it was No. 13), it must have been the last in the town to be organized, and so could have not much antedated 1870.

In 1903 the town voted to build a new two-room structure to replace the old building and this was completed before the next town meeting. In 1948, when the high school pupils were sent to Kennebunk and a partial consolidation took place, this building was sold and remodeled into an apartment house.

Going backward again in time, it was in 1891 that the pupils of the town had their first opportunity to receive high school privileges with-

in the town, although, of course, this school was located at the 'Port village. Those pupils at the Cape who wished to attend had to meet the problem of getting there. Public transportation of pupils was not even dreamed of at that time.

This new school offered at first a three-year course, not enough to prepare a student for college. In 1893 the course was extended to four years. Later it was reduced again to three; just why is not apparent. Probably too few were preparing for college to make the fourth year seem worthwhile. At a later date the fourth was restored and retained until the school was discontinued.

In 1945 agitation began for a consolidated school to which all the pupils in the town living more than a mile away would be transported at the town's expense. At first plans were drawn to include both high school and elementary pupils. This proposal, however, proved too expensive without large private gifts which were not forthcoming. In 1947, therefore, arrangements were made to send all high school students to the Kennebunk High School, while new plans were prepared for a consolidated elementary school to be located on School Street. At successive town meetings sums of money were appropriated and set aside for this purpose. In September, 1953 the new building was at length completed and opened for use, although considerable work was left to be completed during the succeeding months. The other district schoolhouses were then discontinued with the exception of the Cape school on the Mills Road, because the new building would not accommodate all the pupils of the town in the fall of 1954.

During the last one hundred years there have been three private school ventures at the Cape. In 1852 Miss Jane Stone, the daughter of Israel Stone, kept a school in the southwest room on the second floor of Stone Haven. It does not seem to have continued beyond that year. In January, 1888 Miss Lillian Milliner opened a school for little tots in the small house on the ledge, on the west side of Main Street going toward Crow Hill. One resident of the village remembers being a pupil there when she was five years old. Since Miss Milliner soon became the bride of Fred Nunan, the existence of this venture was brief. Brides then rarely continued their professional or business careers after the wedding. Two or three years later, perhaps picking up where



Miss Milliner left off, the Misses Sadie and Helen Ward conducted a private school in the public school building on the corner of the Square, between the regular terms of the town school, which were shorter than they are today. After this building burned in 1892 the private venture was also abandoned.

## Modernism Appears

As the year 1900 approached, startling changes were taking place or were in the making, which would greatly affect the life of the Cape. These were the arrival of electric cars, electric lights, town water, telephones, and automobiles. Perhaps a very ordinary event was a sort of herald of the approaching modernism. On January 9, 1895 Enoch Curtis, who lived at the top of Crow Hill (the house he occupied was destroyed in the fire of 1947), first lighted his street lanterns. Before this eventful evening every night traveler carried whatever illumination he needed more than was furnished by the moon and stars.

The 1890's were the dream years of the electric railroads. The 1880's had seen the transfer from horses to trolleys in the cities. In the next ten years this new and exciting method of transportation gave promise of swift, convenient, and cheap cross-country travel. Scenic and recreational areas, previously available only to those who lived nearby or to the well-to-do who could afford leisure and travel, would now be open to the host of average citizens who had less to spend and little time to spare. Rail lines were rapidly laid from the great centers of population through woodland and field and beside country highways to catch the nickels and dimes of the common folk bent on new pleasure and adventure.

To be sure, the automobile was making its first bashful appearance, a cloud on the travel horizon no bigger than a man's hand. There was apparently no competitive menace in this new mechanical gadget, which raised a horrid amount of dust on the highways, and scared horses, and was too uncomfortable and unreliable for satisfying travel, besides being too expensive to become common. Only a strong

man could start one of these gasoline contraptions and might break his wrist in the process; and only a mechanic could risk a long trip. Repair shops were far apart and as unreliable as the tires on the vehicle. So the new trolley companies had no trouble in raising funds for the expanding rails.

Here at the Cape possibilities seemed limitless. Its scenic beauty and recreational opportunities would bring new residents to build their cottages on the islands and along the shore. Its harbor could become a yachtman's delight. Its wharves could provide a terminal for cheap water transportation. Coal landed here by schooners could be loaded directly on electric freight cars to be hauled inland to the great Goodall Mills at Sanford, or to other inland industries, contributing to the profit of the fuel users and to the income of the railway company. Pleasure seekers, shoppers, and workmen traveling from town to town would by their patronage furnish the steady passenger traffic to make the road pay.

The promoters of these promising plans had intimate and effective connection with Maine congressmen, whose leader was the incomparable Thomas B. Reed, through whose influence a Rivers and Harbors bill could include the dredging of this harbor to accommodate deep draft vessels. In 1899 the channel was deepened to the Pier.

The same promoters organized the Cape Porpoise Land Co., which in 1897 bought the Pinkham property on Bickford's Island, the Stone Haven hotel, and extensive acreage along the shore back of and beyond the Bodwell and Allen properties opposite Redding's Island, thus controlling the development of harbor and shore. To this was added Trott's Island, which was to become the site of an extensive residential colony. Landscape artists were to transform its acres into garden beauty, and a breakwater was to be constructed to furnish enclosed safety for yachts of almost any draft. A grand dream which, due to unforeseeable changes, was never realized; to the joy, also, of those who love the Cape as it was and is.

During 1898 surveys were being made for the trolley line, and construction got under way. On September 29, 1899 the first car reached the village, coming as far as the Prospect House. On the following



day a banquet at the Stone Haven marked the event. Although some of the construction gang struck and went home, by October 5th the rails had been laid through the Square. On October 6th the cars ran to Pinkham's store. On the 22nd, a Sunday, special policemen were on hand to keep order, since a big crowd was expected from Sanford on a special excursion. One diarist reported that the officers of the law were present, also, "to keep beer shops from opening." He probably was over alarmed.

Events were now moving rapidly. Fourteen days later the tracks reached the end of the trestle leading to the wharf or pier, and cars brought their passengers to the Stone Haven. About a month later the pile bridge to the wharf was completed; and on November 19 the road began to run cars on regular schedule, with six trips daily and eleven on Sundays. On the 29th came the first carload of coal from Kennebunk for Mr. Pinkham. The running time from that village was about fifty minutes, about four times as long as the present time in an automobile.

In the early months of 1900 the Casino was built, following the custom then widely familiar of creating a recreation center at the terminal of a trolley line to induce patronage. For such a purpose this new building seemed ideal. It had a fine dance floor, an orchestra, and a restaurant providing excellent sea-food menus. One could get a full course dinner for fifty cents. From its broad piazza, patrons could enjoy the beautiful outlook over the harbor, the islands, and the sea, the presence of handsome yachts at anchor, and the fresh ocean breezes, especially welcome when the weather was hot inland. Often, when the thermometer stood at 90° or higher in Sanford or Kennebunk, 70° would be the refreshing temperature here. There were likewise opportunities for boating or canoeing, leading to ideal strolling and picnic places on the islands which fringed the harbor. Crowds responded to this lure on pleasant Saturdays and Sundays throughout the warm months, and on many week-day evenings as well. The cars were often packed with these pleasure seekers who overflowed on to the running boards.

It was on August 1st of this year that the future nemesis of the

trolley first appeared here. On that date an automobile arrived at Langsford House. It was still four years later that the first auto service was offered at the Bell & Fletcher livery stable, then under lease to Mr. P. H. Perry. This service was limited, however, to washing and polishing the vehicles. There was no suggestion of tire changing or repairs, or any exploration of the inner mysteries of the contraptions. The first resident to own an automobile is said to have been Frank Hutchins, whose car was a Maxwell which was started by a crank on the side. This must have been in 1901 or 1902.

By that time modernism had arrived or was approaching in other forms. A telephone had already appeared in Fletcher's store on July 6, 1899. But, oddly enough, electric cars preceded lights by nearly five years. The streets were lighted by electric current for the first time on July 28, 1904. In the town meeting of the previous spring the citizens had voted 135 for and 119 against spending money for night travelers. "For a hundred and seventy-five years," said the conservatives, "we have gotten along very well without them; why get them now?" Whether Dana Cluff was the first tradesman to avail himself of the new electric service is not wholly clear; but in the record of that year he is the only one mentioned. It is reasonable to suppose that Luman Fletcher would have been as quick to act. At any rate Mr. Cluff had his store so lighted on October 19.

The public water supply came close on the heels of electricity. Surveys were in progress during this same year. The water main had crossed the Kennebunk River eight years before; but the process of laying pipes to serve the Cape was necessarily slow. The water company was then a private corporation and had to be sure of a sufficient number of takers to guarantee a profit. Town permits and commitments also had to precede construction, and labor had to be imported to dig and blast the trenches through this difficult region. That the work was hard and dangerous is shown by the fact that two laborers were killed by a delayed blast just outside the village.

The pipes were laid to the Square and the water was turned on July 25, 1905. So, exactly one year after arrival of electric lights, one citizen recorded his first drink of Branch Brook elixir at the public



watering trough, or fountain, which stood exactly in the middle of the Square. Its presence was due to the needs of horses which were then numerous on the highways.

This fountain stood, its usefulness gradually declining, until one summer's day in the 1920's, when an autoist, unintentionally indicating the end of its value, backed into it and knocked it askew. It was then removed instead of being repaired, thus giving more room for the swift moving vehicles making the sharp turn from the main street to the Mills Road and vice versa.

It was in April, 1906 that the Cape had its first fire-fighting organization. This was a logical event following the public water supply and the installation of hydrants. Before that year if a building caught fire nothing much could be done, except in the initial stages, beyond saving as much of its contents, livestock or furniture, as possible. Now, however, The Atlantic Hose Company was organized with the following officers:

Foreman	P. H. Perry
Asst. Foreman	W. G. Jennison
Clerk	G. F. Seavey
Treasurer	L. E. Fletcher
Steward	Hartley Huff
Nozzle Men	Simon Ridlon and James Jennison
Butt Men	Stillman Wildes and Chester Perkins
Hydrant Man	Frank R. Hutchins

For ten years or more, during which the original personnel may have changed somewhat, the hose reel was kept in Mr. Perry's stable, and one of his horses was trained to pull it. He declared that this nag fully understood his responsibilities; and when, driven by Mr. Perry's younger brother, he heard the bell clanging behind him, he could almost beat a motorized vehicle on a short run to a blaze. As motor vehicles became more common and efficient, and less costly, the ladies of the community by various fund-raising activities obtained enough money to purchase and equip a Chevrolet hose truck as another step toward modernism.

With the change to a motor vehicle a new building seemed desir-

able to house this new equipment. Acting in character, the citizens did not go to the town for funds, but raised them by subscription. This new fire station rose slowly as funds were available. The foundation was laid in 1914. A year later the sills and floor were added. Another twelve months wait and the superstructure arose. This was in plan essentially what the building is today. Besides the engine room on the first floor there was a dining room, a kitchen, and a small library. On the second floor a hall provided a new meeting-place for public gatherings, once supplied by other halls previously mentioned in this chronicle.

Some years later this building was moved back to allow more sidewalk space and a less obstructed view at this important corner. In 1931, or thereabouts, Kennebunkport village acquired a new fire truck and turned over its former apparatus to this station, while the local company sent their motor equipment to Goose Rocks. Thus matters rested until the great fire of 1947. That disaster proved that the town was ill-equipped for an emergency; so this hose company united with the other three stations in a drive for funds to supply this need. As a result \$20,000 was raised by subscription, and the Cape received one of the four new trucks then purchased. It should be said here, also, that the Kittredge Brothers helped greatly in negotiating these purchases. The name of the organization was now changed to The Atlantic Engine Company, and the building was remodeled inside to provide more room for apparatus and more efficient kitchen arrangements.

Even then the supply of apparatus did not seem to the Company equivalent to their needs. Therefore, in 1952, still another and larger fire truck was purchased (again by subscription and various money-raising projects such as card parties, dinners, and dances) to replace the old machine which had been kept on duty. In addition, another unit was rebuilt into a "Utility Truck" to carry special, forest fire-fighting equipment, a three-line deck gun donated by Mr. H. O. Lacount, portable pumping units, a generating plant and floodlights. All these acquisitions, the reader will note, were wholly local projects, in which a lot of free labor was given as well as money. The fact is worth repeating that thousands of dollars have been raised and spent



in this small community through private effort, and only routine costs have been met from the public treasury. In the earlier phases families of seemingly limited means gave \$25.00, or \$50.00, or even \$100.00 to make sure that this fire station would become a reality. A few very generous gifts have been made by wealthy summer residents, Mr. Goodall, Mr. Marland, Mr. Allen, and others—but every family has shared either by direct gifts or by support of the public dinners or entertainments. And the members of the Engine Company have given freely of time and talent to make these activities possible.

Now that this Fire Company is tied in with all the other stations by a two-way radio and better communication facilities, it is hard to imagine any rural community or resort area more effectively prepared to fight fires than this one. But not only has this Engine Company become an effective fire-fighting organization; it is a most effective civic body as well, promoting activities of general value to the community, such as control of Fourth of July and Hallowe'en celebrations, and projects for civic betterment. Many men have co-operated to make this the valuable organization it has become; but especial mention should be made of the Kittredge family, three brothers and a sister, who have given without stint of time, effort, and means toward the civic betterment of the community.

Speaking of fires, and going back to the early 1900's, one which was both disastrous and prophetic destroyed the Casino on the night of September 6, 1915. The loss of this building was indicative of the decline of the electric railway. Although the Sanford and Cape Porpoise Railroad had been consolidated with several local lines into the Atlantic Shoreline Railway, the patronage had seriously fallen off. Cars continued to run for ten years longer, but with fewer riders on board, until in 1925 the last trip was made. Meantime the dream of a great land development here had faded; the fleets of pleasure yachts which once had often brightened the harbor with their banners and riding lights declined in numbers and came less often; for travelers were taking to the new highways and rolling on rubber instead of steel.

The Cape is still a fishing village, although in touch with modern ways. Its simple life, its charm of sea and islands has not dimmed. It

is still a place where people love to come in summer days; where they love to live and work, or watch the quiet passing of the years. They are satisfied that the dream of a great development of fifty years ago never came true.

### The Great Fire of October, 1947

It seems proper to insert here a description of the event already referred to as influencing the development of a highly efficient fire company, and of which the writer was an eye witness.

Throughout the month of October that fall, the weather had been extremely dry. Every field and woodland was tinder for the smallest spark which carelessness or accident might drop. Conditions were very similar to those described in the years 1737 and 1738, which were periods of fire and famine for the earlier dwellers in this region. The inhabitants were, of course, repeatedly warned by newspaper and radio of the grave danger of the situation.

At length, on the 20th of the month, a small forest fire started near Route 1 in North Kennebunkport, which at first did not appear especially dangerous. On the following day, with a slight wind shift and higher velocity, the flames were driven toward Cape Porpoise and the adjoining Goose Rocks district. The fire had reached such proportions upon entering this area that it was impossible to control it, except in certain sections. By midafternoon it was sweeping along Route 9, burning house after house on this highway, and compelling the abandonment of several village homes on the west side of the road.

It appeared for a time as though the whole village might be destroyed, since the flames were completely out of control. Meantime the water pressure had become very low, because the demands in every direction were beyond the power of the pumping station in Kennebunk to supply. The path of the oncoming fire seemed to point directly across the Square and down the Langsford Road. At about five o'clock, however, the direction of the wind suddenly changed, carrying the flames away from the Square and behind the dwellings on the main street up over Crow Hill and beyond, destroying sixteen houses and dying down in the sparser section a mile or two beyond.



Meantime the flames had leaped across Skipper Joe's Creek, threatening the houses which stood on the south and east sides of the marsh. There was, however, enough open ground behind them, so that the owners could check the spreading grass fires. Sweeping across the marsh the fire did reach and burn the Roberts home and almost got the Hutchins place beside it. Then, leaping the highway, it swept up over the hill toward the Clark and Freeman houses which overlook Stage Harbor, climbing the pine trees in its path with crackling fury. It was then about seven o'clock in the evening, and a more frightening sight than that wall of flame would be hard to imagine.

Just as this fire reached the Allen Road and seemed about to leap across, a sudden shift of the wind from west to northwest turned the flames down that roadway toward the Pier Road and Stone Haven hill across the valley. Sweeping toward the houses on that highway, it destroyed one of the oldest in the village, the Wildes home; but by alert action and good fortune the others were saved, and the fire burned out on the north side of the street.

About one or two o'clock on the following morning, when the danger for this locality seemed over, some sparks got a hold at the upper end of Fisher's Lane, and the fire, fanned by a high wind, swept through another pine grove directly at the Freeman and Clark houses, which again faced a solid wall of flame. However, again the fire stopped at the road, and a welcomed group of fire-fighters, some of whom had come from as far away as Falmouth, helped to save these homes still threatened by flying cinders.

Constant vigilance was necessary for the next two days and nights to prevent ignition of the area about these places, since the continuing high winds were constantly rekindling the smoldering underbrush and scattering flaming leaves toward the tinder which remained. It was dangerous, also, to walk into the burned woodland because of the red-hot pockets of smoldering refuse into which one might accidentally sink. The Allen, Dow, and Gifford cottages on the shore of Stage Harbor were saved by their alert owners, who, hearing of the danger to the Cape by early reports, hurried from Boston, got past the highway guards on the plea of being property owners, and arrived in time to extinguish such cinders as reached them.

On Thursday evening observers were startled by a new menace which appeared in the woodlands beyond Crow Hill and toward the Wildes District, reignited by a strong increase in wind velocity. This new fire swept toward the buttonwoods and the village of Kennebunkport. It was very spectacular from this section of the town, springing up as it did just after sunset with the red glow of the heavens behind it. To observers here it appeared to be reaching for the river settlement. Bulldozers, however, had by this time been obtained and were thrown into action to cut a wide swath across the flaming path, and a change of wind helped to push back the onrushing flames. The residents, however, got a bad scare and several homes were evacuated by police orders during the height of the danger.

Of course, in this great disaster the Cape and Goose Rocks were not the only sufferers. The danger and the losses were vivid to those who experienced them wherever they lived. It was on the day after the fire swept the Cape that the summer colony at Fortune's Rocks was almost wholly destroyed; and all over York County thousands of acres of forest and woodland were ruined, farm buildings leveled, parts of villages burned, and in one instance a whole community wiped out. Yet when the people of the Cape counted their losses *they* found that thirty-two houses and other buildings had gone, among them several of the oldest, a serious enough disaster for this community.

Many of these homes were soon replaced. In this recovery, funds granted by the Red Cross were tremendously helpful; but those who had escaped disaster were most generous in their aid to those who had suffered. As each family moved into its new home, an old-fashioned "donation party" met at the home of a friend, or in the Engine Company hall, and gifts of money and useful articles made these gatherings happy occasions and reminders of the community neighborliness which has been characteristic of its people throughout its history.

The chief sequel of this disaster has already been told in the account of the Engine Company. Many lessons have been learned through tragedy. Another like that of October 23, 1947 would now be impossible, unless some bombing enemy should conclude that this village ought to be wiped out.



## Some Houses of the Village

In an old community like this, one of the oldest English settlements on the Atlantic coast, there are naturally some old houses, several of which should be mentioned in any chronicle of the place.

The oldest existing house is "Ye Old Garrison House" at the head of the Cove built by the town for Rev. Thomas Prentice according to his specifications in 1731. He was the second minister, as already explained in an earlier section of this story. It was strengthened against possible Indian attack in 1734 to serve as a garrison house for the locality, but never had to be used for that purpose. The wings on either side were later additions.

The next oldest residence is probably the square house at the curve of the highway as it turns toward the head of the Cove, and previously mentioned. It was either built by Paul Pinkham and his uncle, Silas Gardner, or bought by them. Paul was the first of that name to settle here. The uncle never married, but lived in this house until his death. Paul's wife was Mary Cobb, a Massachusetts girl. Their son was Capt. Silas Pinkham who was lost at sea in 1843. His wife's sad refusal to accept this fact has been told on an earlier page.

There are six houses on the Pier Road which claim attention for age; that is, for being a hundred years old. Next to the "Garrison" on the north side is the home of Dr. R. L. Whitney. It was originally bought and moved back from the road to its present location by Thatcher Hutchins in 1829. It was, of course, built before that date, but the year is uncertain.

Just beyond Fisher's Lane on the same highway is a group of three houses which once belonged to members of the Grant family. The oldest of the three, the third on the left, was bought by "Skipper" Seth Grant in 1828, and so antedated that year. The ell of this house is very old. It is now the property of Miss Constance Worcester who uses it for a summer home. The *first* house on the left from Fisher's Lane was built by Seth's son, Silas, in 1856. It is now owned by Mr. and Mrs. W. Denning Stewart of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. The residence across the street, now the Nelson home, was built by a second son, Wheel-

wright Grant, in 1866; but the cellar over which it was built dates from about 1750 when the house which once stood there was occupied by a family named Jones.

The second house beyond this on the right and toward the Pier has been in the Stone family for generations. It now belongs to Earl D. Stone. The main house dates from about 1850, although it has been recently remodeled; but the original ell, now almost concealed, is very old, dating from about 1735. Two other old houses which once stood on this street were burned in recent years. The Wildes place, just beyond the Grant house, was destroyed in the conflagration of 1947; the Stone Haven, previously described, in 1931. Beyond the hill on Bickford's Island, and now a part of the Marland estate, is a red cottage which was built by George Fletcher in 1854.

A very old dwelling, which originally gave the name to the street, sits on the knoll at the end of Fisher's Lane, once a private way entered by a gate from the Pier Road. James Fisher, the first owner, was a Revolutionary veteran, who came to the Cape in 1794. In 1825 he bought and moved this house to its present location from the other side of the back cove. It is still occupied by his descendants. Another dwelling which is said to have changed its original location is the Taylor house which looks across the head of the Cove toward the Pinkham buildings. According to one authority it was moved to its present location from a site near the old Town House in 1865. The first owner was James Quinney. Another old resident declares that Quinney built the house where it stands. The date is apparently right. It is now the property of Elizabeth and Dorothea Rice of Wellesley, Massachusetts.

The large two-story houses on the street leading toward the Square were built at about the same time: the first by Jedediah Towne in 1852; the second by James Fletcher in 1854. The former has changed ownership several times, belonging successively to members of the Pinkham family, to Earl Stone, briefly to the Olsens, and now to Louise Jordan and Grace Packard. The second residence is now owned and occupied by a lifelong Cape resident, Mr. George Emmons. The next house, a small dwelling, was originally the home of



Stephen Hutchins, "who built it himself from cellar to ridgepole" in 1838. He was the village postmaster from 1868 to 1884. Across the street and behind the store once owned by Dana Cluff is one of the oldest houses of the village, now occupied by the Wendell Cluff, Sr. family. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say it is one of the oldest home sites, because the original structure was a small one-story house built by "Skipper" Samuel Grant in 1816. He brought his bride there in that year. It was later bought by Mr. Cluff and enlarged to meet the needs of a growing family.

Crossing the Square one comes to the house opposite the I. G. A. store and now occupied by members of the Bradbury family. This is one of the early houses, built about 1800. Some of the Bickfords occupied it for many years. John Littlefield, his wife and sister, lived here for a while. He sold to Clement Huff after the latter transferred his property at the end of the Langsford Road to Henry Langsford.

The next house, now owned by Mrs. Luman E. Fletcher, was built in 1865 by Judson Pinkham who married Clement Huff's daughter, Eliza. Luman Fletcher purchased it from the Pinkham heirs.

The dwelling just beyond is ten years older. It was raised and boarded by James Freeman in 1855. He left it unfinished to seek for gold in California. Matthew Boehner, a carpenter from Nova Scotia, bought and finished it. In 1862 he moved to Iowa. In the following year Gardner Pinkham and Juliette Hutchins as bride and groom made their first home there, staying a year. George Ward and his bride, who was Hannah Maria Davis of Biddeford occupied it for a time. Then still a third bridal couple, Alphonzo Leach and Lucy Smith began their married life here. When they moved to Lawrence a few years later, the Ropers of Lowell took over. At length it came into the possession of Mrs. Zilpha Roper Bailey who with her son and daughter occupied it until her death in 1950. It is now owned by Helen I. Pack.

The last house on the lane at Dinah's Rock was built by Henry Gott who came here with his wife about 1850. They had no children or near relatives, so when they became old and infirm they were moved to the poor farm where they were made comfortable in their last

years. In fact, they recommended this haven for the aged, so well satisfied were they with the care they received. Other occupants of this dwelling have been Dana Hutchins and his family, and Charles Wildes.

The next house on the main road was built by Aaron Mellen who came here in 1852. He was a carpenter who built a number of houses in the village and was the chief carpenter in building the church. After his wife's death in 1866 he yielded to the lure of the West. Then Allison Huff became the owner, and eventually his son Francis Whalen Huff. At present the place is owned by the Eaton family.

The small house on the ledge is one of the older houses of the village. In the late 1850's it was occupied by Elbridge Hogdon, whose wife was Eliza Leach. They moved to Gloucester, Massachusetts, in the late 1860's; and the next owner was Mrs. Eliza Littlefield, whose adopted son was Luman E. Fletcher. They lived there until about 1890. At present it is the home of Mrs. Edwina Davis.

Early in the 1800's Abner Huff settled on the site of the Prospect House. Mr. Huff was a brother of Clement and Jacob Huff; his wife was Sarah Bolster. Their daughter, Phoebe, married a Mr. Nowell of Boston, who was wealthy. Another daughter, Ann, married Jonas Emmons, and afterward, when a widow, became the wife of George Clough. There were two other owners before the place was bought by Luther Emerson, who built the Prospect House, the account of which has already been given.

The next dwelling dates from 1852. The first owner was Edwin Hutchins, who married Aurelia Ann Tuman. After his death his widow became the wife of Thomas Ghen, well known among local fishermen. Their daughter married Orlando Emmons. He sold to William Mosher who with his family lived there for several years. It is now the property of Miss Barbara Hodges.

The small house just beyond the remodeled Nunan schoolhouse is still older, dating from about 1800, and built by Joshua Hutchins. His son Joshua inherited the property and occupied it after his father's death. His daughter married a Mr. Baston who was killed in the Civil War. The place has changed hands several times and now belongs to Mrs. Carolyn Craig, as rental property.



Just over Crow Hill on the southern side is the house built by Nathan Proctor, a blacksmith, one of the old buildings in that neighborhood, which by unusual luck escaped the fire of 1947 which destroyed most of the houses in that vicinity. Whether Proctor's shop was on the hill and was taken over by George Piper, when the latter settled here, is not clear. At the time of the fire this house was owned by Harry Hutchins. At present it is used as a summer home by his heirs.

The only house on the south side of the main street which could be included in this list is the Arthur Nunan residence next to the Fire Station. It was built in 1827 by George Wakefield from whom was bought the lot on which the church stands. The place was purchased by Arthur Nunan in 1871, or thereabouts, and still remains in the family.

The first dwelling on the west side of the Mills Road, now owned by the James Jennisons, was built in 1858 by Emelus Hutchins for James Hutchins. Both were the sons of "Skipper Joe" Hutchins for whom the inlet is named. In building it, they used any material that was good from the old house of Skipper Joe, over on the point, which they tore down for the purpose. James Jennison, who engineered the fine and economical repairing of the Pier in 1955, is the brother of William Jennison, who for many years carried on the blacksmith shop nearby.

The house next to the Jennisons', the home of Frank G. (Duff) Hutchins, is even older, having been built by Huffs in 1831.

Taking the east side of the Mills Road, Frank Holbrook's house, next to Johnson's Garage, is a contemporary of the Jennisons' home.

The house beside it, owned by Woodrow Landry, was built in 1844 as a Cape Cod style cottage, but has had its roof lifted within the memory of some of its neighbors. It was built by Owen Hutchins.

Farther down the highway toward Goose Rocks Beach, and just at the sharp bend in the road is a house which dates from about 1825 and now owned by Mrs. Clarence Redmond. Southeast of this residence, diagonally across the street, stands the residence of Martin Farrar dating from 1855 and originally the home of Jonas Emmons.

Four-acre Inn, just beyond the curve, now owned by the Thirkells, summer residents, was once the home of Joseph Huff, the cobbler. It

was moved to its present site from Kennebunkport about 1840. House moving seems to have been a rather frequent occurrence in those earlier days. How long it had previously stood in that village no one knows.

Farther along this highway, just at the corner of the road which leads to Marshall's Point, is another traveled homestead, moved to this location by a Joshua Hutchins in 1829; and a little way beyond stands the Jennison homestead, dating from about 1835 and once occupied by George Fletcher, who became one of the lighthouse-keepers. The previously mentioned forest fire burned other old houses along this road.

There are several old houses on the Langsford Road, the oldest of which is probably the Alexander Rice dwelling opposite the unique fisherman's cabin of Mr. Perry, and now owned by Edward Hutchins. It was moved there from District No. 1 in 1852, just after the road was opened. The Payson Huff house on the Cove side was built in the same year, and now, remodeled and enlarged, is owned by Capt. Charles Stone. Located on the west side of the highway and on the highest point is the home of Fred Eaton, and nearly opposite two small houses, which belonged to Ben Wakefield and Mont Sinnett, two prominent fishermen of the earlier schooner days. The very old garrison house of the Huff family which stood on the point by the back cove was absorbed long ago in the Langsford hotel.

In closing this story of the Cape there are some items of interest which did not seem to fit into any portion of the previous narrative, yet may be worth recording.

One condition which the early inhabitants faced, in common with many rural communities until after the beginning of the twentieth century, was the problem of illness. With no telephones or automobiles one could not get a doctor quickly. A horse had to be harnessed, after connecting with some neighbor who possessed such an animal, and driven to the Port or farther. Then the physician, if at home, had to repeat the process, unless the nag was already "hitched up." Moreover the diagnosis of disease was much more uncertain than it is today, and none of the drugs which are so potent in checking or preventing infection existed. The diarists every once in a while wrote this record:



"Went for the doctor today," for such and such a one. They speak of "watching" with the ill; and almost always record the death of the person shortly afterward. Tragic results of illness occurred, such as the death of a mother and two children in three days from diphtheria. Yet there also appear many reports of death at an advanced age, well past the threescore and ten mark, or even fourscore. More than a dozen couples have been recorded through the years as celebrating their golden wedding anniversaries, indicating an unusually healthful climate and wholesome living. One woman who half belonged to the Cape (being born and spending her childhood here) lived in three centuries, having been born in 1798 and dying in 1903 at the age of 105 years. She was Sucy Averill. An interesting fact about her is that she had never ridden in any vehicle other than horse-drawn.

Of course, the weather is of ever present interest in a coastal village of New England, and the diarists were very faithful in their recordings of fair or foul, and hot or cold. The hottest day on record was July 6, 1886, when the thermometer recorded 100 degrees in the shade. The coldest was a January day in 1882 at 25 degrees below zero, although some other recordings came very close to that figure. Extremes of heat or cold are rare here by the shore. Allowances, perhaps, must be made for accuracy of vision and the human tendency to make the most of an unusual situation; but one is less likely to stretch the truth in his diary than in conversation.

Although the years are always uneven in Maine weather records, a series of unusually cold winters seems to have occurred in the 1880's, especially between 1883 and 1886. There were long periods when the thermometer hovered around zero, even in the month of March. Two or three times in these years the whole harbor was so frozen that boys were skating on it and boats were frozen in for several days. In 1886 there were ninety-three days of sleighing. Yet open winters did not belong wholly to the present: in 1869 the ground on December 31 was so free from frost that the farmers were plowing. In contrast there was a frost on July 18, 1881.

Prices in the late seventies or early eighties were interesting compared with those of the present time. By comparison, also, one finds that they varied little from those of 1848-1849.

Here is a brief list:

Flour	\$6.00 a barrel (192 lbs.)		
Molasses	20 cents a gal.	Print cloth	12 cents a yard
Cheese	9 cents a lb.	Flannel	62 cents a yard
Sugar	10 cents a lb.	White cloth	10 cents a yard
Coffee	10 cents a lb.	Nails	5 cents a lb.
Butter	20 cents a lb.	White lead	6 cents a lb.
Eggs	9 cents a doz.	Wood	\$2.50 to \$4.00 a cord
Lamb	5 cents a lb.	Potatoes	60 cents a bu.
Pork	9 cents a lb.	A suit of clothes <i>and</i> an overcoat	
Beef	19 cents a lb.		\$24.00!
Tobacco	20 cents a lb.		

Of course, everything was valued on a lower financial scale. Wages ranged from \$1.00 to \$1.50, or occasionally \$2.00 a day. Children worked in the textile mills for 25 cents a day of ten hours. (No wonder dividends were sometimes as high as 30 per cent.) Teachers received \$9.50 a week or less. Doctors collected \$1.00 a visit, if they could. One can understand why there was considerable enthusiasm hereabouts for the Greenback Party of 1878. Money was scarce and the amount of goods to be exchanged for it abnormally large. With more money in circulation and prices stable the prospect looked good to many people. If they had glanced back to colonial days, the time when Mr. Hovey was struggling to get his salary increased to make up for the value lost through inflation, they might have seen the danger of unsupported paper currency; but people often do not like to think deeply about results, when they see the prospects of immediate gain. However, the Greenback Party had a short, though merry existence, so that interest and hope quickly died.

One of the exciting events of the village eighty-five years ago, which should not go unrecorded, was the birth on Christmas day, 1868, of triplets to Mr. and Mrs. John E. Seavey in their home near the top of Crow Hill. Thus was the family group suddenly increased from five to eight. The three "identical" girls grew and thrived, eventually reaching womanhood and happy marriages. Two of them, Minnie and Carrie, married Thomas and Dana Cluff of the village. The third,



Stella, or "Kittie," deserted the Cape for a more distant lover, Henry Dennett of Kennebunkport. Henry and Kittie had no children; Thomas and Minnie had two children, but no grandchildren. Dana and Carrie had twelve children, eighteen grandchildren, and thirteen great-grandchildren. When father, mother and the young folks were together in the earlier days, their Sunday afternoons were often gay with music and song.

### The Tercentenary

In the summer of 1953 the town of Kennebunkport celebrated the 300th anniversary of its incorporation as a town under the authority of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. At that time the name was Cape Porpus, and the community organized under Massachusetts laws had already been in existence for nearly thirty years, although without defined charter rights; and the first hundred years of corporate existence were centered here at the Cape. It was quite proper, therefore, that the celebration ceremonies should begin on the shore of this harbor with an assemblage of natives and visitors, a brief introductory speech, and a display of fireworks on the evening of July fourth.

During the summer there was a day of Open Houses here, when several residences were open to visitors. In addition occurred a Firemen's Ball, a Fishermen's Ball, and a Ship's Cargo Fair. Other activities were centered at the 'Port village.

With all the changes which have come with the passing years—in dwellings, in living conditions, in fire protection, in industry, in transportation, and even to some extent in customs—for native or for late-comer the Cape has never lost its charm. The ocean, the islands, the harbors, the changing tides, the gorgeous sunrises and sunsets, the white breakers of the stormy sea, the exquisite blues of calm waters, the glittering paths of silvery light when the moon is high, the fresh cool breezes which temper the heat of a warm summer's day, the ozone-filled, health-giving air—all these remain unchanged. We all love the Cape, as each succeeding generation has and will.





This small, illustrated volume contains the story of a seaside village on the coast of Maine, contemporary in its beginnings with the famous pilgrims of Plymouth, but settled by quite a different group of people and under different circumstances. Its origin and early history have been told before in Bradbury's *History of Kennebunkport* and have been retold here to make this account complete, and to give background for the individuality and sense of independence which have been characteristic since its early days. More important from a contemporary point of view are the developments since 1837, where the Bradbury account stops, and it is the purpose of this volume to bring the story up to date.

This beautifully bound volume of nearly two hundred pages includes eighty-five pictures and will be available the latter part of November. All proceeds from the sale of this volume will be divided between Cape Porpoise church and Fire Company projects.

Price \$3.25 plus tax. Mailing price \$3.50 tax included.

Books may be purchased or ordered from LANDRY'S THIS AND THAT SHOP or MRS. HELEN WARD NUNAN, Cape Porpoise.